

THE

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## AN EVENING IN PARLIAMENT.

ADMISSION to a session of either House of the British Parliament requires, for an American, an order from the American Minister, or from some member of the House itself. Owing to the scanty accommodation provided for strangers, whether in the House of Peers or the House of Commons, our Minister is allowed to furnish only a small number of orders for each evening, so that usually the applicant for the privilege must make his arrangements some days in advance. The gallery appropriated to strangers is in each House a small and very plain one, across one end of the chamber; in the House of Commons furnishing seats for perhaps a hundred persons, in the House of Peers not even so many as that. The seats are plain benches, by no means inviting, in any sense. Along the sides of each of the chambers, however, there is another, narrower gallery, with only one or two rows of seats. These are nicely cushioned, being intended for privileged persons, but for that reason are jealously guarded against any possible intrusion from the quarter occupied by promiscuous visitors. The gallery for ladies, at least that which was so used on the occasion here to be described, is at the opposite end from that first

mentioned, and in rear of the one occupied by the reporters. A screen of trellis-work is in front of it, reaching from the gallery-floor to the ceiling; through the small openings in which the fair occupants must get whatever view they are to have of the House below and its proceedings, while by the observer at the other extremity of the chamber they themselves are only seen in glimpses, like a far-away view of birds in a cage. The whole arrangement of each place, in short, is very much in that exclusive spirit in old-world legislation and old-world government, which claims for the few not only the right of determining all things that concern the many, but of doing this unscrutinized and uncriticized; and which has by no means, as yet, given way before the progress of more generous ideas.

Upon nights when nothing of especial importance is transpiring in Parliament, one can very easily obtain admittance by means of a member's order. Persons are always in attendance in the grand vestibule out of which the corridors leading to the two Houses open to the right and left, who for a small fee will find some member and procure the all-potent slip of paper with its signature. Very likely, as the visitor enters the vesti-

bule he will be met by one of these persons—who have always a very keen sight for detecting the un-English stranger and a very keen scent for the fee—with an offer to procure him an order if not already provided. With the order, however obtained, in his hand, the visitor passes through a corridor or two, being met at each turn by a policeman to whom his credentials must be shown, then ascends a succession of staircases, with an official at the head of each flight, to the last of whom he delivers his order, and is then at liberty to enter. At the door into the gallery he finds a door-keeper in charge, who directs him to his seat. It is one part of the duty of this last important personage to give information without when the gallery-seats are all taken, and also to supervise the demeanor of those present. No one is allowed to stand, or to speak above a whisper, or in any other way to offend the English sense of order and of reverence for such a solemn place as a House of Parliament. When the seats are all taken, no more are admitted until the departure of some one of those present leaves a vacant place. This strict care to prevent crowding is, certainly, most agreeable to those who are so fortunate as to gain admission, and makes these strangers' galleries far more comfortable places than that of the Corps Legislatif in Paris, which, while no larger than either of these, is not in any such way protected; the lack of ventilation, besides, so almost universal in French buildings, making the atmosphere after a time utterly intolerable.

No legislative chambers in the world have such a stately entrance-way as do these two Houses of Parliament, or one historically so memorable. Whether one approaches them by way of the noble arch and the grand staircase in Victoria Tower, by which the Queen always enters, or through Westminster Hall, in either case he cannot fail to be deeply impressed

with what he sees and what he recalls. I will speak only of Westminster Hall, the usual way of approach. Alighting from his cab or his omnibus, the visitor passes first through an iron gate into a large paved court, with flower-beds and shrubbery in one part of it, having upon his right the lofty Victoria Tower, with its exquisite Gothic pinnacles, and upon his left Westminster Tower, successor of the Old Tower of Westminster, which anciently stood near the door of the Hall, and like that containing in its handsome cupola a clock and a musical chime of bells. Passing through the court he enters a spacious arched door-way, and finds himself in an enclosed space two hundred and seventy feet in length, seventy-four in breadth, and ninety feet in height; a noble structure, dating from the time of William Rufus. No pillar stands in any part of it to obstruct the view, the mighty roof being self-supported; the beams of dark chestnut wood in the massive ceiling, arched, intertwined, and carved in many beautiful forms, with sculptured figures and royal armorial bearings, having sustained it for centuries, while still undecaying and safe as ever. This is said to be the largest room in the world without pillars to uphold the roof. The floor and the walls are marble. Upon the right hand are various doors opening into chambers running at right angles to the Hall. Over these will be seen familiar names, such as "Court of Queen's Bench," "Court of Exchequer," "Court of Common Pleas," "Court of Chancery." These, of course, are the court-rooms so famous in English history and jurisprudence. These courts were anciently held in different parts of the Hall itself, or in recesses occupying the space now filled by the chambers, and railed off from the main hall, while other portions, at the same time that the courts were in session, would be occupied by ranges of stalls and counters for the sale of

various wares, the murmur of traffic mingling with the voices of pleaders or the graver tones of judges and chancellors. In the early, crude days of the English Parliament, this Hall was likewise its place of session, the Lords occupying the upper end and the Commons the lower. Here, also, at a still earlier day, the king himself sat to administer justice, the courts as now existing having then received no regular organization. Upon a noble dais at the upper end of the Hall he sat to hear causes upon a stone bench, now said to be under the pavement in the same part of the building. Hence came the name given to the court which was subsequently charged with a main share of the royal functions in this regard—"The Court of the King's Bench."

The visitor on his way to the present Houses of Parliament ascends the steps of which I spoke, at the upper end of Westminster Hall. At the top he turns to the left and still ascends by a wide stone staircase to the ample vestibule of which mention was made a little way back. To his right as he enters opens the corridor leading to the lobby of the House of Lords, to his left that which conducts to the lobby of the House of Commons. On the occasion of my own visit I held the order of our Minister for the House of Lords only, the allowed number of orders for the House of Commons for that evening being exhausted before I made my application. The House of Commons met at four o'clock, the House of Lords a little later. As I was early in arriving for the latter, I availed myself of the offer of one of the officials in the vestibule to procure me a member's order for the Commons, and had the pleasure of first spending some hours there. It was what is called "a Government night," that is, one of the two nights in the week—Tuesday and Thursday I think—when Government business has the precedence. As I took my seat in the gallery the ministerial bench, that which I sup-

pose first of all commands the attention of the stranger, was quite full, the members of the Government, apparently, being nearly all present. This ministerial bench is a long, cushioned seat, with a high back also comfortably upholstered, at the right of the Speaker's chair, and running along by the table of the Secretaries. Directly on the opposite side of this table is the similar bench occupied by the leaders of the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, was in his place at the end of the ministerial bench farthest from the Speaker, and opposite him sat Mr. Disraeli, the Opposition Chief. These, of course, for a considerable time engrossed observation as the two conspicuous figures there, and as men remarkable alike in their personal characteristics and in the parts they have played on the great parliamentary stage.

My visit was made a few days only before Parliament adjourned. The great measures of the session had been carried through. Mr. Gladstone, accordingly, had the air of a man who has been working hard, but feels, now, that for the time at least, the strain and the tug are over. He looked pale and worn, with a certain jaded expression upon his face, and as he sat upon the bench he appeared to think more of finding a posture in which he could rest than one which should be either dignified or graceful. Neither fatigue nor lassitude, however, seemed to render him unwatchful of what was going forward, while the alert, keen expression of his face was still there. He is a man of medium height, I should say—perhaps a little above—spare in form, with an easy, gentlemanly bearing, a fine intellectual head, rather long than high, thinly covered with hair of a dark brown that begins now to grow silvery. His features seemed to me to be rather more American than English; at all events, they lack the rounded contour so common with Englishmen, are sharply cut, with an expression of

acuteness, and over all that air of refinement which scholarly habits frequently bring. His voice is singularly melodious, and constitutes no small part of his power as an orator. Every syllable, as he speaks, is distinctly enunciated, so that nothing which he says is lost to the hearer. As a parliamentarian his chief fault perhaps is his tendency to irritability. One reads the signs of this in his sensitive, nervous face. He keeps this tendency well under, although now and then it breaks out, as during the last session when assailed somewhat bitterly in a speech by Mr. Miall. The sting of this attack, perhaps, was in the fact that it was a wound received in the house of his friends. Mr. Disraeli's sharp cuts he bears somewhat more philosophically, being probably forearmed against them, and perhaps being also consciously "thrice armed" by having "his quarrel just."

Mr. Disraeli is as different from Gladstone in personal appearance as he is in other personal attributes. He is a dark man, with the olive hue of the Israelite in his complexion, as also the black hair and eye of his nation. His face is more rounded than Gladstone's, and as he sits in his place has almost an impassive look. You would think him ruminating upon some matter wholly foreign to the proceedings, were it not that now and then his eye is raised from its ordinary downcast direction, and a glance shoots from under the black overhanging brow that shows he is quite attentive and watchful. Mr. Disraeli, I believe, can hardly be ranked as a great statesman, but as a parliamentarian he probably has no superior. He is perhaps more a man of genius than a man of talent, and better suited to lead the Opposition than to guide the Government. I did not hear him speak, as while I was in the House, either on that occasion or later in the evening, he did not open his lips. He was very careful, however, to be in his place while any business was on

foot which in his view would need watching.

Another conspicuous person in the House is Mr. Forster, the President of the Board of Education, and now a member of the Queen's Cabinet. He differs in personal appearance from both those just described; is a rather large and stout man, with a solid-looking English face, light hair and eyes. Intellectually, he is not quite an orator, although a pleasing, accurate, and sensible speaker. He has given great attention to the subject of popular education. The Education Bill which passed through Parliament in the last session was his work, and is well worthy of the high praise it has received. In constructing this bill and in carrying it through he had very great difficulties to encounter; difficulties not only in the Houses but out of them. The school and the church have so long been, in England, in an alliance corresponding to that of the state and the church, while among dissenters the jealousy of this alliance has become so chronic and so intense, that to steer a measure between the Scylla of the one and the Charybdis of the other required skillful handling, both of the ship and of the helm. Mr. Forster has shown, along with excellent judgment and broad views of education itself, a most admirable spirit; firmness that was still not obstinacy, and a conciliatory and patient temper yet more manly. On the evening when I was present the business connected with this bill was being closed up. He had the last, spiteful badgerings of the Opposition to encounter, besides well-meant but embarrassing interpositions by his friends. He bore all with infinite good-nature, carried his point in each instance, and seemed to silence his antagonists without disaffecting his supporters. Mr. Forster is a man, moreover, interesting to an American as having been a staunch friend of the Union during our recent war.

Other members of the ministry and



of the House in general are more or less notable, but I must not particularize farther. One word in passing I must say of Mr. Ayrton, the Chief Commissioner of Public Works. His position must either be one of peculiar difficulty, or he must in some way lack fitness for it. His measures seem to satisfy almost no one. Some changes have been proposed in certain accessories to the rooms occupied at present by the two Houses, as for example the refreshment-rooms. In making these changes he had dismissed the former architect, Mr. Barry, and given the work to another. This brought upon him personal obloquy. In various public works in different parts of the city, as in the erection of buildings in the Strand to accommodate better than at present the Courts of Law, he has exposed himself to the attacks of city members and of the city press. However caused, the fact is evident that he is unpopular all round, and as he fills his place in the House and tries to meet the badgering to which, as a Minister, he is of course subject, he seems conscious of his unpopularity, and in spite of his aquiline nose and general boldness of aspect, shows signs of sensitiveness as first from one direction, then from another, the shafts reach him. I think if the Prime Minister of England were ever to offer me a place in his Government, I should request him, as a special favor, *not* to make me Commissioner of Public Works.

In the main the demeanor of the Ministry while business goes forward in the House is admirable. A conspicuous feature of such business is always the asking of questions relating to the several departments of Government, by members interested for one reason or the other. One question often leads to others. A point started by some person in the party of the Government may be followed up by some one in the Opposition; the friends of the Ministry will often be unwise in their queries or their comments and unde-

signedly place the heads of departments in positions of delicacy and difficulty. It is curious to see how careful the Ministers are, in replying, to not offend in any way these unwise friends, in what a courteous form of speech and with what a bland manner the tormented Secretary will advise some of these persons to mind their own business and keep still; as well as the care they show in replying to touch every point, whether raised by friend or enemy. The position of a British Minister in the House of Commons is not in all respects a delightful one. There are some signs of a tendency on their part to console themselves for the necessity of keeping their temper with their own side of the House by occasionally pitching savagely into the other side.

The almost invariable courtesy of speakers in the British Parliament is very noticeable. One tires, it is true, of the everlasting repetition of such phrases as "my right honorable friend," or "the noble lord," while there is a circumlocutory and affected style that reminds one often of the celebrated debates in the Pickwick Club. But these are the less pleasant features of a custom in parliamentary intercourse which has many excellent results. Debaters there say things as sharp and severe as those in our own Congress; but they are uniformly gentlemen, and not blackguards, let the sparring be never so close and bitter. Any transgression of this well-understood law is promptly rebuked, and the House stops its business till proper apology and reparation have been made.

The speaking in the House of Commons, on ordinary occasions, is by no means all of it superior. The orator is often greatly indebted to the reporter for the readable shape in which his speech appears next morning, while the hesitation, the drawl, the repetitions and blunders, are not unfrequently painful to the listener. There are, however, good speakers

even among those not specially conspicuous; men who say, directly to the point, what they have to say, and stop when they have done. They speak often, however, to a most "beggarly account of empty benches." The number of members present changes almost every moment. At one stage in the proceedings the ministerial bench will be full, and the next nearly deserted; at one time a fair audience will be in the House, and at another scarcely a dozen. Votes will be taken with hardly an audible "aye" or "no" responding anywhere in the House, these, of course, being what may be more or less matters of routine. In short, one watches the machinery of legislation in the British House of Commons with a feeling that men are much the same everywhere, and that "M.P." after a man's name, quite as little as "M.C.," is proof of absolute perfection.

But it is time we had as quietly as possible taken our hat and stick, made our way to the gallery-door, and, descending the stairs and recrossing the vestibule, run the gauntlet again of policemen and door-keepers, along corridors and up staircases to the gallery of the House of Lords. A modest plebeian, from a republic which cannot boast of a solitary noble lord, will perhaps enter so awful a place as the British House of Peers with "bated breath," and almost with a question whether he ought not to take off his shoes. He soon recovers, however, from any overwhelming sensation of this kind, as he perceives, possibly with a surprise that may react toward the other extreme, that a noble lord may be a very commonplace person after all, and an assembly of noble lords as dull as the humblest democratic conventicle. There will probably be, at least, some surprise felt at the lack of spaciousness in the Peers' chamber as well as in that of the Commons. The latter does not even furnish seats enough to accommodate its own members, and neither in size nor

in general impressiveness will it compare with that of our own House of Representatives at Washington. Much the same is true of the room occupied by the Lords. It is, however, more richly ornamented than that of the Lower House. The gilded throne at the farther end from the strangers' gallery, raised a few steps from the level of the main floor, with its gorgeous canopy, is a conspicuous object. Upon the walls are some fine frescoes, one representing the Baptism of King Ethelbert, another Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter upon the Black Prince, another the well-known incident of the Prince of Wales, afterward Henry V., committed to prison for threatening the judge before whom one of his servants was being tried for a criminal offence. In the niches between the windows, besides, are eighteen statues representing the barons who signed the Magna Charta.

Next to the throne, perhaps, the woosack is of most curious interest to the visitor. This, of course, is the seat occupied by the presiding officer, the Lord Chancellor, when the House is in regular session. It is a long, wide seat, heavily cushioned and covered with scarlet cloth. It has neither back nor arms, and is altogether, save for its deep rich color, a very tame affair. Its place is directly in front of the raised platform where the throne stands; this platform, by the way, being separated from the main space by a gilded railing. In front of the woosack, and a little way in advance, is the secretaries' table, with similar seats at the end and on each side. These are all, together with the benches throughout the house, cushioned in scarlet.

The *personnel* of the British House of Peers at the present time is not particularly remarkable. Lord Hatherly, the Lord Chancellor, does not impress one as a very extraordinary man. He is tall, rather gaunt, and in his long black robe and full-bottomed wig looks much like some hard-featured

old lady. I do not know how he speaks when roused, but what I heard from him was a species of oratory that would be tolerated in no person, I should think, not a noble lord. His voice is harsh, his utterance hesitating, his style and attitude ungraceful. He has, I doubt not, "a wig-full" of law "learning," and may be a most suitable man, for aught I know, to be Lord High Chancellor of England, but he did not seem to me exactly a delightful sort of person. The Lord Chancellor only occupies the woolsack while the House is regularly in session. When the House is in committee of the whole, he leaves this place and takes some other, while the presiding lord, whoever he may be, fills the seat at the head of the secretaries' table. The House was in and out of the committee of the whole several times during the evening of my visit, and his lordship seemed for a while almost constantly migrating from woolsack to bench, and from bench back to woolsack. The name of the lord who presided in committee of the whole I do not remember. He was a short, rather stout man, evidently a capital business man and an excellent presiding officer. Votes are taken in this House, not by *ayes* and *noes*, but by *contents* and *non-contents*. The House "divided," as it is called, several times in the course of the evening. In this process the members all leave their seats and range themselves in the main aisle, the *contents* to the right of the presiding officer's chair and the *non-contents* to the left. At a given signal they pass out at opposite ends of the chamber into rooms appropriated to the purpose, and at another signal return. As they come back they are counted. The result is reported at the secretaries' table and formally announced.

Among the men most conspicuous in the present House of Peers are Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Russell, the Earl of Derby, late Lord Stanley,

Earl de Grey and Ripon, Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftsbury, and others who might be named. Of the ecclesiastical peers, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Temple, are perhaps the more notable men. Earl Granville, who fills the place of Foreign Secretary in the present Cabinet, and by virtue of that office is leader of the Government party in the House of Peers, is a man of highly pleasing aspect and bearing. Like Mr. Gladstone, whom in many things he resembles, he is a cultivated scholar. It is related of him how much he surprised a deputation of titled gentlemen sent by the French Emperor some time since to confer with the British Government upon some matter, by addressing them, as the office he held gave him occasion to do, in their own language and with as much fluency and elegance as an educated Frenchman would have done. He has rather the face of the scholar than of the statesman, although he is by no means deficient in the latter capacity; yet his face, like his character, lacks the ruggedness which seems to single out the man who may most safely be charged with a nation's affairs in difficult times. The leader of the Opposition, the Marquis of Salisbury, is a thorough-paced Tory. He fought the bill for disfranchising the Irish Church, the Irish Land Bill, the Clerical Disabilities Bill, the Education Bill, in a spirit which seems to show that he is ready to defend all the abuses of the present British Constitution, and would gladly restore the abolished ones if he could. It was through his means that the measure introduced by the Government party last session for opening the Universities to dissenters failed to pass the House of Lords after being carried through the House of Commons. As Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he was, of course, to all intents and purposes, officially committed against this measure from the start; but his opposition was evi-

dently undertaken with right good will. Not venturing to fight it openly, he procured its reference toward the end of the session to a committee, where it quietly slept till Parliament adjourned. Salisbury, however, is a scholar and a man of ability. As he stands and addresses the House his sturdy figure has an air of resolution becoming the leader of a party, while his firm face and broad, intellectual brow seem to mark him as one born to legislate.

The Duke of Argyll is, in appearance, a thorough Scotchman. His hair is yellow, and thrown up and back from a forehead sufficiently lofty for symmetry, of itself, gives him a peculiarly high-headed look. His blue eyes and freckled face, as well as some things in his intonation, are entirely Caledonian. He is a thoroughly good man and an influential statesman. I heard him in a speech upon the finances of the East India branch of the Government. The speech was elaborate, able, clear, full of information, with a statesman-like scope and tone. Except intellectually and in personal appearance, the Earl of Shaftesbury might be said to resemble the Scottish Duke. Both men are earnest Christians, and fill their high places evidently with a supreme desire to honor Christ and promote his truth in the world. The Earl of Shaftesbury, however, is by no means the equal of the Duke of Argyll in ability. He is a man of good sense but rather narrow views, and falls considerably short of the standard of a statesman. When he speaks, it is with a good deal of gesture and emphasis, but the listener is apt to wonder what there can be in the thought to require so much energy in its enunciation. It would not be fair to say that he is of the "forcible-feeble" order, and still the matter and manner are sometimes a little out of keeping. He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair inclined to curl, a face not handsome but pleasant in expression, rather a limited development in the

brow, though a better one in the moral region of the brain. He is mainly known to us on this side through his connection with the ragged-school and other benevolent movements. He often visits and addresses Sunday-Schools, and is very popular with the children and the poor. Among the more promising of the younger peers is Earl de Grey and Ripon. He is a young man, less than thirty I should judge, a vigorous, energetic speaker, a man of independent views and character, clear-headed and always in earnest. He fills the place in the House of Lords corresponding to that of Mr. Forster in the Commons. Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, is another able man. He is strongly liberal in his tendencies, takes great interest in public enterprises of all sorts, and is popular everywhere.

One general impression I have gained is that the British Constitution upon the whole wears well, and that its foundations are firm and strong. Year by year its faults get corrected by measures that grow more and more radical in their practical value, although perhaps without threatening the essential principles of the Constitution itself. The aristocratic element in the system is that which strikes an American least favorably. One perceives, however, changes even here. There are none in England who interest themselves more in benevolent enterprises and in matters of general public utility than do many members of the aristocracy. There is, too, very little parading of the mere trappings of rank—the duke, the earl, the marquis, the baron or knight being ordinarily a simple English gentleman, with far less of pretension than many a shoddy American upstart. Upon state occasions, of course, there is seen very careful observance of stereotyped formalities and the trappings and precedences of rank, however old, quaint and tiresome. Often, however, there is something even on these occasions which indicates a consciousness how

short a step there may often be from the stately to the farcical. The conclusion to which I come is that the aristocratic element in the British Constitution is by no means its most influential one; that high birth and high rank are more a social than a political power, and that really the destinies of the great empire are lodged with the Commons and not with the Lords.

Here, however, I close my sketches. At the hour of twelve, as members were growing sleepy and the proceedings more and more dull, I found my cab in the court-yard, and left the affairs of the Sovereign Lady upon whose dominions the sun never sets, without further oversight, in the hands of her Ministry and Parliament.

J. A. SMITH.

### SUBSTITUTION.

"TOO much! too much!" murmured Charlotte Ashley, as she walked backward and forward through the long parlors, in which at either end a magnificent mirror reflected her advancing form, and gave her the impression of being always in good company. "My cup is full, pressed down and running over! Such perfect happiness cannot last forever. I wonder what will be the first interruption to it?"

This was Charlotte's pet luxury—to pace up and down the drawing-rooms after everyone else had retired for the night, and indulge in that delicious dreaming to which we give the pretty name of "castle-building." Her lover had just left her; her grandfather always went to bed early; so she closed the inside shutters, that passers-by might not imagine she was giving a ball, turned up every gas-burner to its full height, and "tigered," as the old gentleman said when he caught her at these tricks, for an hour or two.

Let her dream. It is a sad waste of gas-light, certainly; but when will eighteen come to her again, with its beauty, its light-heartedness, its springing elastic step that makes no sound on the rich Moquette carpet as she crosses its velvety surface? It is her hour; let her enjoy it while she may.

What will you give for a peep at her

as she marches to and fro, her head a little bent forward under its weight of pleasant thoughts, her hands clasped, leaving in full view the engagement-ring—an opal set with a double row of diamonds? Turn one of the shutters just a little; she will never know it—she is too busy with her thinking. There—that will do. See those clear gray eyes, radiant with hope and love; that soft skin, neither dark nor fair, but glowing with rosy health; the glossy hair, wavy enough in itself to dispense with the torture of crimping-pins or curling-tongs (we forget which was in vogue in her day, for we speak of long ago); straight eye-brows, a nose not so Grecian as to be insipid, a mouth whose firm curves express determination as well as sweetness. Her tall, well-developed form moves perhaps a thought too proudly; but possibly that effect is produced by the heavy silk that sweeps after her in a long trail, and which always gives queenly dignity to a woman—when she does n't wriggle.

Every object around is in harmony with this lovely moving picture. Wealth, guided by faultless taste, has prepared a fit setting for it; art has enriched the casket where the bright jewel is enshrined, and more than one youth would be glad to buy at any price the privilege St. Clair Rainsford

enjoys, of sitting very close to Charlotte's side and holding her hand in his.

She is young to be the mistress of a household and a promised bride; but the former place she has filled for two years, and the latter since her eighteenth birthday, two or three months ago. She was an only child; her father died before she could remember him, and her mother returned to her old home to pass the remaining years of her life and her widowhood. Charlotte had seen first her grandmother, and a few years later her mother, borne away from the door they were never to enter again, and had, perforce, stepped into the place of both. She was all in all to the old man—not so old in years as in feeble health, which had bowed him down before his time. Perhaps it was the necessity, thus laid upon her, of sustaining others instead of leaning on them, that had matured her looks and character so remarkably. No one guessed her age at less than one-and-twenty, such womanly dignity was in every look and action. The winter in which we see her had witnessed her first entrance into society; and scarcely had she appeared upon the scene when Rainsford secured her for his own, before any of the less adventurous youths who hovered about her had found courage to ask the decisive question.

It must have been the law of contraries that made Charlotte Ashley give up her whole heart and soul to this young man, and throw her being into his with an intense devotion which was but faintly returned by his more feeble nature. He was called handsome by superficial observers; but those of more penetration saw in the irresolute lines of the mouth a want of firm purpose and manly decision—an impression which a closer acquaintance was sure to justify. He was gay and pleasure-loving, and had no law but the impulse of the moment; but his disposition was kind and his manner caressing, and the vivid imagina-

tion of his lady-love glorified all defects, and supplemented his good qualities with those of her own deeper and intenser nature. So we cannot wonder at her if, as she made her evening promenade, she felt that she was almost dangerously happy.

She had been somewhat afraid of the effects of the news of her engagement on her grandfather, whom ill-health had made rather morbid and despondent. It had been a matter of serious reflection with her what she should do if he refused his consent altogether, which she felt to be quite possible, for the Redmond blood had *quantum suf.* of iron in it, and her mother's own marriage had been made in defiance of his wishes. With her customary good sense and strength of principle, Charlotte laid her plans beforehand.

"If grandfather is not willing," she thought to herself on the eventful evening when St. Clair had asked for her heart and hand, "we must wait. He has had sorrows and trials enough already, and I will not be the one to pile any more troubles on his dear old head. If our love is not strong enough to last through his life, it might better go out altogether. But I'm not afraid of that," she continued, looking at herself in the tall mirror with a smile. "I do n't think there is *much* danger!"

Happy confidence of youth! Her lover's constancy, however, was not brought to the test, for the current ran smoothly enough. Charlotte, who had a genius for planning, chose the moment when she knew her grandfather's spirits to be at their best, to open the important matter to him.

It was just after breakfast, and before they had left the sunny dining-room, with its great bay-window looking toward the south, filled with green-house plants in luxuriant growth. The fragrant aroma of Mocha was still floating through the room, and mingled not unpleasantly with the perfume of geraniums and monthly roses, heliotropes, and the more delicate migno-



nette. Then Charlotte set his easy-chair just at the angle where he would have the sunlight over his shoulder and the blaze of the fire at his feet; brought him one of his very best Havanas and a taper, and finally, when he reached out his hand for the morning paper, which generally formed her crowning attention, she put it playfully behind her, saying she knew something a great deal more interesting than anything he would find in the "Times"; and then, kneeling on a footstool beside him, and laying her head on his shoulder, she told him her little story—her soft, warm hand stroking meanwhile the withered one she held, and pleading almost as eloquently as her tongue did, for a favorable answer.

"I supposed it would have to come some time or other, Lottikins," said he, sighing; "but I did n't think it would be so soon." And he looked particularly dismal and disconsolate.

"But it has n't come at all yet, Papa," said she, laughing, and calling him by the pet name she knew he liked best, "and it need n't come for a great, great while! It's in the dimmest kind of future—anything about it that will affect you; and what harm will it do for me to love St. Clair and like to have him come better than any one else, and have something pleasant to think about all the time? He shall be your son if you want him to, and it will be so much nicer than having only one child to plague you! We shall keep each other in order. Do n't you see?"

He did not see very plainly, but he made no opposition. Perhaps he felt how useless it had been in his previous experience; perhaps as he grew older his self-will lost something of its original strength, and he discovered that others had a right to theirs also. At all events, the engagement was acknowledged, and Rainsford was received at the house on the footing of an accepted lover.

All this had passed in the Fall, and

it was now approaching Christmas-time. Charlotte's skilful fingers were busy on a gift for St. Clair; and one evening when she was expecting him, she sat with it in her hand, ready to tuck it away out of sight the moment she heard his ring at the door. During the early days of their engagement he had found the new amusement so fascinating that very few evenings found him absent from her side. After a time he became somewhat remiss; but hers was that large-hearted love which exacts no more attention from its object than is bestowed without urgency or manœuvring. She never grumbled or fretted when Rainsford pleaded other engagements; she wanted him to use his own free will, and not be tied down by a feeling of obligation to her. Neither did it enter her head to be jealous. Secure in her confidence of his affection, she regarded whatever he did as the right thing for him to do, was intensely happy when he came to her, tranquilly happy when he stayed away, for the thought of him was always with her; and so, on the evening of which we speak, she sat with her work in her hand, listening eagerly for the sound of the door-beil.

She waited in vain. Hour after hour passed, and her solitude was unbroken; and then, as women will, she began to have visions of fearful possibilities. Had he been waylaid? murdered? He certainly said he would come! The daily papers at that time were filled with accounts of garroting, then but newly come into fashion. Was he, on his way to her, selected as one of the victims? As the evening wore on, her anxiety became almost intolerable, but she could do nothing; and when the last hope of seeing him had passed by, she went to her room to spend the night in tossing upon her bed and waiting wearily for the morning.

The next day, when she had seen her grandfather comfortably settled with his cigar and his paper, she re-



solved to put an end to her suspense, and made some trifling errand an excuse for calling on St. Clair's sister. Business hours had begun, so she knew there was no danger of meeting him, unless he were confined to the house by illness; and that could hardly be the case, or he would have sent her word. The gay manner in which Nettie Rainsford received her showed at once that there had been no mishap.

"Why did n't you go with us to the opera last night?" inquired this young lady, who was a year or two older than Charlotte. "At least, I take it for granted you could n't go, as St. Clair told me to ask Estelle May to take the vacant seat in our box. The music was perfectly lovely, and how Estelle *did* carry on! The way she flirted with St. Clair would have made you laugh! Of course he did n't respond, but it was as plain as day that she was trying to captivate him. You know she's never satisfied unless she has some man or other in her toils, and I suppose St. Clair was the only one at hand just then. But what a regular high-flyer she is, though!"

Charlotte went home feeling very sober, though her worst fears were relieved. If their positions had been reversed, she thought, she would have found time to see him for five minutes—but no matter! She had determined that she would not be exacting, and now she should not even think herself neglected. Doubtless he had some good reason for asking Estelle—some obligation to the family, perhaps; at all events it must be right, for *he* had done it.

Of the girl herself she felt no dread. It did not occur to her that this little flighty mass of shallowness, with her saucy ways, her bold disregard of conventional proprieties, her flippant tongue and unconcealed selfishness, could by any sane man be put for a moment in competition with herself, and the noble, womanly qualities she felt that she possessed. Compared

with him, to be sure, the humility of true love made her acknowledge herself inferior; but compared with any other woman! she knew there was no one on earth who could make him so happy as his Charlotte.

By the next evening she had regained her cheerfulness, and again awaited his coming with eager longing. She would not introduce the subject, but would laugh away his apologies with a carelessness that would have nothing of the watchful guardian about it. Of all things, he should not be afraid of her.

With these pleasant thoughts nestled down in her heart, she waited through another long evening. At last her womanly pride began to be stirred. She was wounded to the quick, but still tried to believe that it would all be explained away. He might not be well, or might have been detained down town on business. Of course, the moment he came she should laugh at herself for her anxieties. She thought it was rather inconsiderate in him, unless he had some good reason; but then, she had heard even married women say that all men were inconsiderate. She would wait.

On the day after this second solitary evening, she had a call from one of those female gadflies whose special business in life seems to be to sting, without aim or object. She was a little jealous of Charlotte, for Rainsford had once been a half-admirer of her own, and the recollection of this fact added keenness to the weapon she wielded.

"Why weren't you at Mrs. Marston's ball last night, Lottie?" she inquired. "I can tell you, you were needed, to keep a couple of friends of yours in order."

"I'm not acquainted with Mrs. Marston," said Charlotte, and added smilingly, "I do n't consider it any part of my business to keep my friends in order, either!"

"You would have thought it your business if you had seen them," re-

plied her tormentor. "Flirting's no name for it! Anyone would have thought they were just engaged, to have looked on. Estelle fairly devoured him alive,—you know she has brass enough for anything; and as for him—well, of course, I won't say anything about *him* in the present company!"

"Oh, no; there is n't the slightest occasion to," said Charlotte. "How did you enjoy yourself?"

But when her visitor was gone, she paced up and down in the old fashion, in an agony of doubt and apprehension.

"Cruel! cruel!" she murmured over and over again, as if the low sound were a relief. "If he has really grown tired of me, why, why does he not come and tell me so at once, instead of leaving me to find it out in this torturing way? But no—it can't be, it can't be!"

So, struggling between hope and fear, she passed the long, weary day. Even the dull eye of her grandfather, accustomed as he was to be cared for rather than to care for others, noticed a change in her looks.

"What's the matter with my Queen Rose to-night?" he asked tenderly.

"A terrible headache, Grandpapa," said she, speaking the truth, though only a part of it.

"Poor darling! I do n't remember your ever having a headache before! You must have taken cold, or over-exerted yourself!" And he proposed a host of useless remedies, which the young girl parried as well as she could. She sat with him until he retired for the night, and just as she left him Mr. Rainsford was announced, a full hour later than his usual time.

Her heart thrilled in a wild tumult. Now, at least, she should learn her fate, whether for good or evil. Rainsford met her as usual—put his arm round her and kissed her. Her tenderness for him all came back in a moment, and she was ready to forget and forgive everything.

"What a long, long time it is since I have seen you!" said she, with moist eyes and cheeks glowing with pleasure.

"Why, yes," he replied in a careless way. "I have been a good deal engaged lately. What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

An involuntary shudder ran through her frame at his tone. Was this, then, what she had been waiting for? Was this the meeting she had been looking forward to? She felt that the time had come when she must act.

"What's the matter?" asked Rainsford, seeing her shiver, and attempting to take her hand. "You're not cold, are you? I should say the thermometer here stood at ninety-eight degrees, or thereabouts."

She withdrew her hand gently. "I want to ask you something, St. Clair. Perhaps it is only my fancy, but—do you ever feel—feel tired of our engagement, and want to break it off?"

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, somewhat impatiently. "Who's been putting such nonsense into your head? Are you jealous because I talk to other girls sometimes when you're not by?"

"No, indeed!" she answered, vehemently. "You know I'm not jealous. If you can say truly that you love me best of all in the world, and that you don't feel the least interest in any other woman, except in the way of friendship, I'm perfectly satisfied! I will never ask what you say to others, or what you do, if I am only sure you love me best!"

St. Clair was visibly embarrassed by this straightforward appeal. He would have liked to go on for a while flirting with both girls at once, and then to marry whichever one he liked most; but he was not a villain, and could not make the statement she craved, when he felt he was yielding her but half-allegiance. He knew she was a very fine girl, but the truth was, she was almost too intense for him, and he found it a relief to idle away his

time and give about half his heart to a brainless chatterbox.

"Of course, Lottie," said he, after a short pause, "if you wish to break it off, it must be just as you say."

"I wish to break it off, St. Clair!" she exclaimed, almost maddened by her emotion. "I love you with my whole heart! There is not a thought or a wish I have in the world that is unconnected with you! I live and breathe so much on the thought of you that there is hardly room for anything else in my mind. I dream of you by day and night. It was only on your account I spoke. If you love me as I love you, I ask nothing more."

Rainsford remained silent, with his eyes fixed uneasily on the boot with which he was tapping the carpet. He was utterly at a loss how to answer.

"Tell me truly, dearest," said Charlotte, who had not taken her eyes off him for a moment, "would you rather be free?"

"Perhaps it would be as well, if *you* think so, Lottie," he answered, still looking down.

"That settles the question, then," said the young girl with dignity. "I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited until she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing-room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the floor in a tearless agony which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end? Is this the end?" was all she could say or feel. "Oh, God! if I could but die *now*!"

It was a selfish wish, and she did not cherish it. The thought of the old man whose life was bound up in hers softened her heart, and made her willing to live for his sake. For herself she had no longer a wish. All that could henceforth make existence

endurable would be an absorbing devotion to duty.

From that day life seemed to have but one source of interest to her—that of doing good. Her first care was for her grandfather, but every spare moment was filled with some work of benevolence. The Christmas-gift, now finished, was laid away in a casket, with a beautiful chain of her own hair which she had given to Rainsford at the time of their engagement, and a few unimportant notes from him, not worth returning, but which she could not bear to destroy. All else she sent back to him, requesting her own notes in return, which he sent, with the chain. The letters were tossed into the fire; the casket was locked and the key put away with other relics of a past dead and gone, and the new life began.

There were not wanting visits of condolence from friends who considered themselves intimate enough for such intrusion, and receiving these was perhaps the hardest part of Charlotte's task; but in accordance with her system of self-abnegation, she shrank from nothing that it came in her way to bear, and scarcely knew that she was suffering, so stunned had she been by the first blow. Nettie Rainsford was especially loud in her denunciations of the faithlessness of her brother, and the perfidy of the young woman who had ensnared him.

"It's a shame!" she exclaimed, "a burning shame! I almost feel as if I hated St. Clair for being so intolerably silly; and as for that little wretch, Estelle, I'll never speak to her again as long as I live!"

This resolution, however, was not carried out; for a few weeks afterward there appeared in the "Home Journal" a notice of a brilliant wedding at Mr. May's, at which Miss Rainsford figured as one of the eight bridesmaids.

Mr. Redmond was growing daily more feeble, and through the years which remained of his life he required

Charlotte's incessant care. As his bodily powers gave way, his mind also failed; and before the end came she had only a white-haired child to care for, amuse, and watch over. A lovely ministering angel she was to him during this tedious time; and it might have been said of her as it was of another who grew saintly through great trials, that in losing happiness she had found blessedness.

For the first year after Estelle's marriage, Charlotte saw nothing of her except in casual meetings. The world said that Rainsford had had his reward, and that his married life was as miserable as it deserved to be; and his sister made no secret of the dislike and contempt with which the bride was regarded by her husband's family. But when Charlotte heard that Estelle's baby of a fortnight old lay dead in its coffin, and that the wretched young mother, whose one redeeming quality seemed to be that of a strong maternal affection, was almost distracted by grief and disappointment, she buried old grudges, went to see Estelle, and offered her all that it is in human power to bestow at such times—her sympathy.

"It's very good in you to come, Lottie," said the bereaved mother, "but nobody can tell anything about what I suffer! I do n't believe anybody ever was in such agony before. If everything else I had in the world had been taken, and my baby left me, I could have borne it better. It's too bad! I don't see what I ever did to deserve such a fate as this!"

"You have your husband yet," said some one present, in a vain effort to turn the tide of lamentations.

"Ah, no one who hasn't been a mother knows what it is to lose a child!" was the reply. "There's nothing in the world that can make up for it—nothing!"

It was not more than two or three months, however, before young Mrs. Rainsford was out in the gay world again, flirting, dressing, and dancing

as vigorously as ever, while her husband, who did not admire this in the wife as much as he had done in the maiden, tried a system of counter-irritation which only separated them the more effectually from each other.

Just after Charlotte's twenty-first birthday, her grandfather passed away from the home she had made so happy for him, and was laid in the last resting-place of his family, in Greenwood. Charlotte was now alone, free and rich, with the probability of a long life before her, and every aim and hope faded out of her horizon, except that of being useful to others. She felt that her first love would be her last, and that the romance of life was forever at an end. She saw no goal in sight but duty.

Her first step was to send for a young girl, a relative, whose parents were in poor circumstances, to come and occupy the great empty house with her, and receive a share of the benefits of her grandfather's wealth in the shape of a handsome maintenance, and instruction by the best masters the city afforded. Then she plunged into the hard work connected with institutions of benevolence, and soon became so well known as an active and efficient member, that any society which could obtain her services felt that its success was secured, for her purse was opened liberally in support of whatever her hands engaged in. In the course of her missions of mercy she found herself, in company with a friend, in one of those excellent refuges where little children are cared for.

"Why don't you adopt a child?" said this lady to her. "You want some interest of your own in life. It is n't enough to spread yourself out over ever so many public charities. Every woman needs some human being next her heart."

The idea came to her like a revelation. Why not? She was passionately fond of children, and if she could have one for her own.

With her usual rapidity of thought

and execution, she sought out the matron at once, and questioned her on the subject.

"Oh, yes; there's always enough of 'em ready to be adopted," said the woman. "I could give you your choice out of a dozen—that is, if the committee do n't object, and I guess they'd jump at the chance. How old would you want it?"

Charlotte appealed to her friend, who said, "About two years."

"Girl or boy?"

"I don't know," said Charlotte; "I can't tell until I see them."

"There's just the nicest boy here you ever set eyes on," pursued the matron: "left in a basket at the door two years ago, when he was only a few weeks old. I'll get him for you, and you can see for yourself."

In a few moments she re-appeared with a beautiful boy, whose aristocratic features were glowing with health and high spirits. Charlotte started when she saw him, for she fancied she detected in his dark eyes a resemblance to those of St. Clair Rainsford.

"I'll take him," said she, impetuously, "if the ladies will let me have him."

"No fear about that," said the matron. "There was n't a scrap of any kind left with him, that could lead to his identification, except this,"—and she produced a card on which the letters "R. M. E." were plainly written.

"We called him Roswell Mervyn Eastman," said the matron, "but he hasn't been christened, so you can give him any name you're a mind to."

"Have you ever shown the card to any one?" asked Charlotte.

"Never, to a soul," was the reply.

"Then don't, for fear some one should claim him so as to get bought off," said the young lady. "If the real parents should ever appear, they can prove it by the initials."

The committee of management were only too happy to have one of their little orphans so well provided for, and the child was soon transferred to

Charlotte's care. Now at last she had found her true vocation. Other duties were not neglected, but a great, absorbing, passionate affection for this boy took the place of all the love she had ever known. She forgot that it was possible to feel any other emotion than this profound and overwhelming one which mastered her whole soul. She hung over his cradle when he slept, and watched and shared in his waking sports with an intense eagerness such as she had not supposed she could ever feel again, and forgave in her heart the foolish woman who had said when her baby was taken away that she had nothing else to live for. She was once more happy, though with a trembling, anxious happiness that was new to her, and seemed more exciting than the old. The possibility of losing her treasure gave increased zest to the possession of it.

Not caring to perpetuate founding memories, she had the boy christened Robert, which had always been a favorite name with her, and bestowed on him the surname of Redmond, to which there was no heir. By this title he was known in her circle of friends, and many of them were under the impression that she had taken some orphan nephew or cousin to bring up. But this would not have accounted for the wealth of love she lavished on him. He twined himself about her very heart-strings, and all the tenderness with which she would have been filled as wife and mother, was concentrated on this one object. The various trials of infancy, childhood, and youth left him unharmed; and at twenty-one he came home from college, where he had graduated with high honors, ready to go into business, fall in love, or do anything else that might offer itself to his consideration.

It was not then for the first time that he met Georgina Rainsford, St. Clair's only surviving child, now a girl of eighteen. He had seen her at intervals during his college life, and had at these times renewed a friendship

begun at dancing-school in the days of jackets and short dresses. The growing intimacy between them caused Charlotte some anxiety, for Georgina was alarmingly like her mother in looks and actions.

"It would be strange," she mused to herself, "very strange! Rob looks so like St. Clair, and Georgie so like her mother,—I can't let *him* be caught so!" And very cautiously she sounded the young man on the subject.

"You needn't give yourself any trouble about that, Aunt Charlotte," said he, laughing. "When I do fall in love, which I don't think will be for some time yet, it will be with a very different girl from Georgie Rainsford. I like her well enough, and she's amusing to talk to, but she's nothing but a puff-ball. As soon as you'll find me a young woman like yourself, I'm all ready for her." And he pointed his remark with an affectionate caress.

Charlotte Ashley was now forty years old, but no less lovely and interesting than when at eighteen she had poured out her whole soul on her light-minded lover. Many suitors had presented themselves, from time to time, before the rich and beautiful Miss Ashley; but she turned calmly, though not unkindly, away from all. Her heart was too full to admit another human being into it than Robert; he was her all in all, and she preferred that it should be so. She had married off one cousin after another, who had successively been her companions, and always had some young girl with her who was the recipient of her bounty and her tender care. Her house was a centre of cheerful gayety, and all guests were made welcome; but when they overstepped the prescribed boundary and sought to become lovers, a crystal wall rose at once between them and the object of their interest. They might look, but they must not touch.

The hardest of these refusals had been that given to St. Clair Rainsford. His thoughtless or worse than thought-

less wife had died, after some ten years of married life, leaving him with only the one daughter who has been mentioned, all her other children having died in infancy; and some years after this, Charlotte's old lover tried to effect once more an entrance into her heart.

The temptation was great, and she was almost on the point of yielding, for years and sorrow had made a great change for the better in Rainsford's character, and she could once more respect him; but the new love proved too strong, and she determined to devote herself wholly to her boy.

"It's too late, St. Clair," she said, when he urged her. "If you let this subject drop now, we can always be friends; if not, we must be strangers."

Robert was to study law. He had a taste for it, and Charlotte was quite able to maintain him through the years that must elapse before he would be able to support himself. He was fond of pleasure of a gentlemanly kind, but had developed no low tastes or base instincts such as had been prophesied for him by Charlotte's friends when she first brought him home. On the contrary, there was nothing about him to show that he had not been born in the station of life where he was now admired and courted by every one.

It was not long after his return home that word was brought to Charlotte that a woman was at the door who wished to see her on very particular business. Supposing this to be one of the many cases in which she was called on to relieve poverty and distress, she sent for this person into the sewing-room, where she was sitting with a young companion.

The stranger was a strong-featured woman, with a large, portly frame, though her face was almost painfully thin. She had a worn, anxious look, and glanced uneasily at the young lady who was seated with Charlotte.

"Could I speak to you a few min-

utes alone?" said she to the latter, who was about to withdraw, when her friend rose and left the room.

"I hardly know how to begin what I have to say," faltered the woman. "It goes back a long way, and I do n't know whether I ought to tell it now, but it's been weighing on me a great while, and I do n't dare to keep it to myself any longer."

"If it's anybody else's secret," said Charlotte, gently, "you had better consider before you make it known. Perhaps it is something that ought not to be told."

"It must be told," said the other, gathering up her courage, "and you are the person that must know it, for it concerns you as well as others."

Charlotte felt cold chills creeping over her from head to foot. She trembled violently, and was unable to utter a syllable, for she felt that the blow she had so long dreaded was about to fall. This person was here to reveal some claimant to her boy.

Seeing that there was no answer, the stranger went on, slowly and with effort:

"I have always followed the business of a monthly nurse"—Charlotte started, in spite of herself—"and that was the way I came to be employed by Mrs. St. Clair Rainsford, twenty-one years ago last month."

She looked at her auditor, whose hands were clenched and her cheeks pale as death, but whose white lips uttered no sound.

"On the eighth day of the month, my sister, with whom I was living at that time, had a boy born to her; and on the tenth, Mrs. Rainsford's baby was born.

"I saw from the first that my sister's child would n't live. It never had the right circulation, and its little feet and hands were always cold, and I knew it would break Mary's heart to lose it.

"I was very fond of Mary. She was a great deal younger than I, and this was her first child. She was a gay

creature, too young to have been married when she was, but I could n't help that. And she had been looking forward with such delight to having this child to love! I could n't bear to think of the disappointment it would be to her to lose it. I knew that Mrs. Rainsford was a heartless woman of fashion, who would not care much for a child if she had it, and who had wealth and a thousand things to console her for the loss. And poor Mary had so little!

"So when I was called to her, I determined that if her child was strong and healthy, it should take the place of my sister's, who was wandering in her mind and would not know the difference if it was done soon enough. I settled with my brother-in-law that when I sent him word he should bring the baby, well wrapped up, and laid in a basket with some light things over it, as if it had been clean clothes for me. He was a simple young fellow, and very much under my influence, for I had been a sort of mother to Mary. I told him I wanted to put the babies side by side and compare their looks, but that I did n't want the servants in the kitchen to know anything about it, and I had him under such good management that he did not breathe a word to them.

"Little St. Clair Rainsford was born in the morning, and that same evening the exchange was made, in my own bedroom, which opened out of Mrs. Rainsford's. I had kept her room so dark that she could not see very plainly, and had allowed no one to see the child that day except Mr. Rainsford, and the children looked enough alike for the difference not to be noticed unless one had been looking out for it. When the mother had the baby brought to her the next day, she noticed how cold it was; but she was very low herself, and I made that an excuse for keeping her from talking or doing much with it. I did n't show it to the doctor till the third day, and then he said he was afraid it



could n't live, just as I had known all along.

"I had to take the woman who took care of Mary into my confidence, but she was an old friend of mine, and thought I was doing quite a fine thing. She died years ago, without, so far as I know, having told the secret to any living creature.

"I felt rather sorry for Mrs. Rainsford when I saw how she took on at the poor little thing's death, but then I thought how much worse it would have been for Mary; and after all, it was n't three months before Madam was flourishing round again, as gay as ever.

"Now comes the worst part of my story. When the baby was about three months old, my sister, my dear sister, that I thought so much of, and had made such sacrifices for, ran away from her husband with another man, and took the child with her.

"I never thought, and I do n't think now, that she was in her right mind when she did it. She was always a little queer after the birth of her baby, and I do n't hold her responsible.

"We knew well enough whom she had gone with, for the neighbors saw them leave the house together; but they went straight on board a ship that was sailing for England, and were out of the harbor before her husband came home that night.

"He never would write after her or do anything about it. 'Let her go,' he said. 'She could never be a wife to me after that. But I'll have the boy yet, or my name is n't Richard Ellis.'

"Then I told him how I had changed the children, and at first he was very angry, and threatened to expose me, but I persuaded him over after a while, and told him I had done it all for love of him and Mary, and he quieted down. But he never was the same man again. He neglected his business and took to drinking, and in less than five years he went to his grave, a poor worthless sot.

"So this was the end of all my fine schemes for them! After that happened, I began to turn my mind to helping Mr. Rainsford to his own again; for he had always treated me like a gentleman, though his wife had the temper of the Old Harry, and was so insolent to me that I would never go near her again, but always professed to have an engagement when she wanted me.

"It was no easy matter to find out anything about my sister, for poor folks do n't have the same means of tracking that rich ones do, and all I could hear of her by letters was uncertain and unsatisfactory. I wrote to her a good many times, but the letters did not reach her, and for years and years I was trying to save up money to go after her and hunt her up. But I had bad luck. Two or three long fits of sickness swallowed up all I had laid by; and once, when I had enough in a bank to keep me for a year or two, and was just getting ready to start, the bank broke, and I lost every cent I had been working ten years to get together!

"I won't make my story any longer. At last, after years of trying, wandering from place to place, and making inquiries everywhere, I found my sister, deserted by the miserable wretch who stole her away, and making a living for herself and her two children as best she could. But neither of these was Rainsford's child. Before they sailed, that man made her take it and leave it at the door of the Refuge you took it from not quite two years afterwards."

Charlotte was rigid as marble. More than once she tried to speak, but her throat was dry and parched, and she made no sound. At last she gasped out in a broken voice:

"What proof have you of this?"

"The proof of your adopted child being the same that my sister left there, is this: Unknown to her seducer, she fastened a card under its clothes with the initials 'R. M. E.'"

on it; Richard Marsh Ellis they stood for, after her husband. I have been to the Refuge and examined the records, telling the matron beforehand that I wished information of a founding left there at a certain date with that description, and she turned to it at once. As to my having changed the children, I can offer no proof but my own word. I don't know what motive I could have for charging myself with the commission of a shameful crime, except my desire to make known the truth and relieve my mind. Besides that, I have seen the young man, and his father is in every line of his face. Put them side by side, and you cannot mistake the likeness."

"Where shall I find you?" said Charlotte, in the same hollow tone as before. "I wish to be alone now."

The woman gave her address. "Shan't I send some one, as I go out, to come and wait on you?" she said. "I don't like to leave you alone, looking like that."

Charlotte shook her head, and waved the stranger off impatiently. Alone! she *must* be alone, or her heart would burst.

Leaving a note for her companion saying that she did not feel well and would rather not be disturbed, she shut herself into her room and tried to get the meaning of what she had heard, clearly into her mind. For hours she sat in a kind of despairing bewilderment, seeming to come no nearer to a solution of the difficulty than at first.

"St. Clair's son!" she said to herself in a low tone, "and Georgie's brother! I don't understand it. I must be dreaming." And she remembered her first life-dream with a feeling almost of bitterness.

"Will he want to leave me?" she thought, "and will St. Clair take him home? Have I not given up enough in my life? Is this sacrifice to be demanded of me too? Or need I tell them at all?"

The sound of the dinner-bell found

her still in her morning-dress. Making a hasty toilet, she descended to the dining-room,—the same in which she had broken to her grandfather the news of her engagement twenty-two years before. She was still undecided as to what course she ought to pursue.

"Bad news to-night, Aunt Charlotte," said Robert, as she came into the room.

"What is it?" she asked, in a husky tone, different from her usual clear, cheerful voice.

The sound struck him in a moment, and he looked earnestly at her. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "You are not well—you look so very pale!"

"I am not quite well," she said, "but it is nothing of any consequence. What is your news?"

"Georgie Rainsford's taken awfully sick; took to her bed this morning. She's been feeling badly for two or three days. They don't know what it is, but they're afraid of scarlet fever."

The dinner was unusually quiet, and as soon as it was over, Robert started up, saying, "I must go round and see how Georgie gets on. Mr. Rainsford was almost crazy about her when I saw him this afternoon."

"I want to speak to you first, Robin," said Miss Ashley. She dared not let him leave the house without knowing what she had heard. Then taking him aside, she told him, in the gentlest speech her woman's heart could devise, of the revelation that had been made to her that day.

He bore it better than she had expected. There was no melo-drama, no excitement or denunciation. He put his arm round her with a profound tenderness that he had never shown before, and said, "Thank God for my mother—my real mother, who took the place of the one I never knew. He has been very good to me."

Charlotte's eyes were now streaming with tears, the first she had shed during that long, harrowing day. Robert

soothed and comforted her with loving words.

"Do n't imagine," he said, "that I shall ever love you any the less because I have found my father! I shall love you better and better, every year I live. I am only just beginning to know all you have been to me."

"It will be so hard to part with you, Robin," she sobbed.

"You shall never part with me!" he exclaimed, warmly. "Here is where I belong, and here is where I shall stay, as long as you want me. I will never leave you till I have made my fortune and found my wife, and am ready to set up an establishment of my own!" he added, smiling.

"I think, Robin," said Miss Ashley, with some hesitation, "that perhaps it would be best not to say anything to Mr. Rainsford while his daughter is so ill. He is very excitable, and it may be too much for him."

"I'm not going to say a word about it," said Robert. "When you think it best to tell him, you can do it yourself. And do n't be in a hurry. I'd like to get a little used to the idea before any one else knows it."

When he left her, Charlotte noticed that he went directly up to his own room; and it was not until late in the evening that he went out for a few minutes to make inquiries about the sick girl.

"The doctor says it *is* scarlet fever," he said, when he came back. "A very bad case. Mr. Rainsford is almost beside himself. He wants me to go back and stay with him to-night, and if you have no objection I think I had better go, for he will fret himself into a fever before morning, if some one does n't look after him."

"Certainly," said Charlotte, "go, by all means." And then she thought to herself, "This is the beginning. It is n't very hard to see what the end will be."

A few days of agonized waiting and watching brought an end to Georgina Rainsford's life and her father's hopes,

and there was no gleam of consciousness in which to make known to her her newly-found brother. Stupor succeeded to delirium, and she never knew, on this side the grave, the secret that had been hidden from her during her life.

St. Clair's grief took the form of apathy. He seemed so utterly crushed that he had no feeling left, except a clinging to Robert, who had been his faithful attendant and fellow-watcher throughout the gloomy time, and had scarcely left his side.

"And now I suppose I must lose you too," said he, when the last rites had been performed, and the mortal remains of his daughter had been laid away forever. "I had sons who might have been like you, and a daughter; and now I have nothing."

Robert made no answer at the time, but he went home and told Charlotte what his father had said.

"The time has come now, Robin," said she. "I'll not try to put it off any longer. Good-bye, my boy!" she added, holding out her hand. "I am going to see your father."

"Not good-bye, Aunt Charlotte," he said, kissing it. "Never good-bye!"

She shook her head, but did not trust herself to speak, and in a few minutes she was seated in Rainsford's library, awaiting his entrance.

He held out his hand in silence, and she was obliged to make the plunge into conversation herself.

"You have had a great sorrow," said she steadily. "Do you think you could bear it if I should give you a great joy?"

The instant the words were spoken, her face was covered with a crimson flush, for it occurred to her that he might put a false construction on her words. Fearing this, she hastened to repair her error by approaching the subject more abruptly than it had been her intention to do.

"Your daughter is gone, but what should you think if you were to have one of your sons back again?"

He looked at her inquiringly, at a loss as to her meaning, but having a vague idea that she meant to propose to him to adopt a child as she had done.

"Your first boy—the one that was to have been named after you—that you thought died when he was two weeks old —"

"Charlotte!" he cried at last, comprehending her, "what do you mean? He did die; some one has been imposing on you!"

"I think not," said she quietly. "Wait till you hear what I have to say." And with forced calmness she told him the nurse's story, up to the point where the woman had found her sister and brought her back to this country.

"All that may be so," said he, gloomily, "but how am I to know that the child she calls mine is not some other one? It would be very hard to prove his identity through all these years."

"I think you will have no doubt when you see him," said Charlotte, smiling at the thought of the likeness, which seemed to have grown stronger than ever during the last ten days. "But this child never left the city at all. *That* she can prove, for she took it to the Refuge before she sailed for England, and from that time to this he has never been out of sight."

"The Refuge!" said Rainsford. "Why, that is the same place where you found Robert!"

"Yes, and he is the same boy, too!" And now, her ammunition being exhausted, poor Charlotte felt ready to lie down in the trenches and die. The strength of will which had sustained her thus far, gave way; and referring St. Clair to the nurse to make good her words, she returned home, feeling more dead than alive.

The investigations entirely satisfied him, and he went to express to Charlotte his gratitude and joy.

"I can't talk about it," said she. "I have made up my mind to give him

up to you, but don't ask me to do any more!"

"There is a way," said Rainsford, "by which neither of us would have to give him up."

"That is *taboo*, you know," answered Miss Ashley, and changed the subject.

It was settled that Robert (who kept his baptismal name while adopting that of Rainsford) should go to his father. He offered to remain with Charlotte if she wished it, but she never made half-sacrifices, and she bid him go and cheer the lonely man who was even more desolate than herself.

All was soon going on again as quietly in both houses as if there had been no convulsions to break up their peaceful life. Robert divided his time between the two claimants on it, and perhaps no one of the three was the less happy for the change.

But after a time it came to pass that new trouble came upon Mr. Rainsford. He had hitherto been a prosperous man of business, though not a wealthy one; but the wheel of Fortune gave a turn one day that brought him out on the losing side. He found himself obliged to make an assignment of his property, and prepare, as far as business-life was concerned, to begin the world anew.

Charlotte did not know of this until matters had proceeded thus far, and she lost no time in writing to him and begging him to accept a loan sufficient to repair his losses and restore the business to its old standpoint. She had, she said, never used even the whole of her income, and would be glad to have a portion of the large estate left by her grandfather put to so good a use.

Thanking her warmly for her kind intentions, St. Clair replied that it would be impossible for him to avail himself of her offer. He gave no reasons, but Charlotte knew very well that only pride stood in the way of his accepting it, and she employed

Robert as an ambassador to urge his father to reconsider this refusal.

The young man met with no better success than she had done, but Charlotte was not to be daunted. "Tell your father I wish he would come and see me," said she.

Rainsford came as requested, but stood firm. "I have nothing but my self-respect left now, Lottie," he said; "you mustn't take that away from me too."

"St. Clair," she began, and then paused. Her voice was very low, and her eyes were fixed on the floor. He waited patiently for her to go on, looking at her meanwhile with a half-smile.

"If—if you wont take the money without me,—why, then—you may have me too!"

He took her own engagement-ring out of his pocket and put it on her finger. The rogue had brought it on purpose.

It was again Christmas-time. Charlotte brought down the enamelled box in which she had laid the relics of her old love, and which had never been opened since that day. The lock was somewhat rusty, but at last the key turned in it, and she drew forth a pair of embroidered slippers, their colors but little dimmed by the passage of twenty-two years.

"There is your Christmas-gift," said she. "It has been waiting for you a long time!" And an early day in the New Year found those whom Fate had kept apart so long, united under one name and one roof.

H. R. HAINES.

## TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOSES."

### PINCH SECOND.

**A** PROPOS to sneezing, it is a question which has long crucified the wits of antiquaries, whence came the custom of saying "God bless you!" to one who sneezes. Many writers ascribe it to an ordinance of Pope St. Gregory, at whose time the air was so pestilential that they who sneezed instantly expired. On this the pontiff, it is said, instituted a short benediction to be pronounced on such persons, to save them from the fatal effects of this malignancy. The Rabbins, however, declare that before Jacob men sneezed but once in a lifetime, and then immediately died; and that the memory of this was ordered to be preserved in all nations, by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sternutation. Whatever the origin of the custom, it

has prevailed among all nations, and was found to exist even in the New World, on its first discovery by the Spaniards. With the ancients, sneezing was ominous; being deemed fortunate if to the right, but to the left, or near a place of burial, the reverse. When Themistocles sacrificed in his galley before the battle of Xerxes, one of the assistants upon the right-hand sneezing, Euphrantides, the soothsayer, presaged the victory of the Greeks and the defeat of the Persians. An old writer says that the ancients were accustomed to go to bed again, if they sneezed while putting on their shoes. Catullus, in one of his charming poems, makes Cupid sneeze his approbation of two lovers. When the King of Mesopotamia sneezes, he is greeted with shouts in the ante-chamber, shouts in the palace

yard, and shouts in the city streets, echoed and reverberated by a thousand loyal voices. Supposing his majesty to be an inveterate snuff-taker, what horrid cries must rend the air of his capital "from morn till dewy eve!" According to mythology, the first sign of life given by Prometheus's artificial man was a sneeze, caused by the solar rays stealing through his pores. The Siamese wish long life to persons sneezing. The reason, according to Brande, is, they believe that when one of the judges of hell opens the register in which the duration of men's lives is written, and looks upon any particular leaf, all those whose names chance to be entered on it never fail to sneeze immediately. In Vienna, if one sneezes in a *café*, the bystanders will doff their hats, and say "God be with you!" The lower class of modern Romans greet a sneezer with the salutation, "May you have male children!" Milton says that earthquakes,

"though mortals fear them

As dangerous to the pillared frame of heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone."

Perhaps the most terrific sneeze on record is that described by Martelli, an Italian writer, in his *Bambociata, or Sneezing of Hercules*, a marionette farce, from which Swift borrowed the idea of his *Voyage to Laputa*. In this piece Hercules is represented as reaching the land of the Pigmies, who, alarmed at the sight of what seems a living mountain, hide themselves in caves. One day, as Hercules is sleeping in the open fields, the Pigmies venture forth from their hiding-places, and, armed with boughs and thorns, mount the sleeping monster, and cover him from head to foot like flies covering a piece of raw meat. Hercules awakes, and, feeling something tickling his nose, sneezes. His enemies are routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and tumble precipitately

from his sides—when the curtain falls, and the piece ends.

A powerful argument for snuff-taking in preference to other modes of using the weed, is, that one does not have to serve a long and disagreeable apprenticeship before he acquires a full mastery of the art and revels in the highest pleasures of snuffing. Unlike the tobacco-chewer or other consumer of the weed, who has to struggle heroically through its repugnant qualities of taste and effect, until by habit its stimulus grows pleasurable and the system gets mithridated against the poison, the snuff-taker, at the very threshold of his career, is placed on a level with the most veteran practitioners of the art. Another argument for this form of the weed is, that the snuff-taker is rarely guilty of such outrageous excesses in its use as are habitual with the chewer and the smoker. The lover of the pipe and the cigar puffs out his volumes of smoke from dawn till bed-time—

Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,  
Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cæcâ;

the devotee of raw cavendish "chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" from the moment he wakes in the morning till he drops to sleep at night; and some wretches, not satisfied with this, resort to what is called "plugging"—that is, thrusting long pellets or rolls of tobacco up the nose, and keeping them there during the entire night. Sir Walter Raleigh, who first made smoking fashionable in England, was a type of the whole tribe of smokers. Though an elegant courtier, he smoked to the disgust of the ladies at court, smoked as he sat to see his friend Essex perish on the scaffold, and smoked just before he went to the scaffold himself. Robert Hall used to smoke till the last moment before ascending the pulpit, and resumed his pipe as soon as he came down.

That snuff-taking may be, and is, abused—that, like all other innocent enjoyments, it may be carried to such

excess as to undermine the health, and even cause death—is true; and it is upon this abuse that all the arguments against it are founded. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded the whole system of the head is deranged. One of the effects of excessive snuffing is to deaden the nerves of the nose, which are endowed with exquisite sensibility, and traverse with their fine net-work the entire inner membrane of the nostril. Drying up the secretion which lubricates this membrane, it gradually destroys the sense of smell, and the result is, that of all the pleasures derived from the olfactory organs—the *omnis copia narium*, as Horace terms it—the snuff-taker knows as little as if he were noseless. Similar effects ensue upon the saliva, and the sense of taste is blunted. An inveterate snuff-taker may always be recognized by his brown, sodden complexion—by a certain nasal twang or asthmatic wheezing when he tries to speak—and by a sort of disagreeable noise in respiration, which resembles incipient snoring. Snuff, taken in enormous quantities, also causes fleshy excrescences in the nose, tumors and polypi in the throat, vomitings, loss of appetite, dyspepsia—is a frequent cause of blindness, and is said to induce convulsions, promote consumption, and even to cause madness and death. Napoleon's death is attributed to a morbid state of stomach, superinduced by excessive snuffing; and Dr. Rush tells us that Sir John Pringle, who was afflicted with tremors in his hands and an impaired memory, through the use of snuff, recovered his recollection and the use of his hands by abandoning the dust at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin. As if this catalogue of ills to which the snuff-taker is liable were not fearful enough, other imaginary ones have been added; and grave doctors have gone so far as to declare that his brain will be found after death to be dried to a sort of dirty membrane, clogged with soot!

These facts, however, are not solid objections to snuff itself; they only show that it may be taken in excess, or may not be suited to one's peculiar idiosyncrasies of constitution or temperament. Would you chop off men's fingers, because they are sometimes pickers and stealers? Or is the fact that some men make gluttons of themselves an argument for the abolition of eating? No one abstains from veal pie because a greedy fool once died of eating a whole calf; and the excellence of sherry at dinner is not disputed because unlimited Old Bourbon induces delirium tremens. There are men who not only

“Quarrel with mince-pie, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge,”

but who cannot digest even lamb or mutton, and whom the bare sight or smell of certain healthful articles of food throws into spasms. The Duke d'Epéron fainted at the sight of a leveret; and Marshal de Breze, who died in 1689, swooned at sight of a rabbit. Favoriti, a famous Italian poet, could not bear the odor of a rose. The gravest objection to snuff is the adulterations to which it is subjected. When adulterated, as it too often is, with pepper, hellebore, and pulverized glass, to give it additional pungency, its effects must be anything but beneficial. Add to these the ferruginous earths, such as red and yellow ochre, and no less than three poisonous preparations, viz.: chromate of lead, red lead, and bi-chromate of potash—which, according to the London “Lancet” Commission, are introduced into it—and its deleterious effects are frightfully aggravated. At a late meeting of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, England, Dr. C. Calvert stated that he had recently analyzed several samples of snuff, in all of which he had found traces of red lead; and of the bi-chromate of potash, which is still more frequently employed. M. Duchâtel of Paris found that a dose from one twenty-fifth to one five-hun-



dredth of a grain sufficed to destroy a dog. Colic, "dropped hands," and other forms of paralysis, are among the least effects of this deadly poison. Statements like this are not to be sneezed at; but, added to the fact that it is the scented snuffs that are most unwholesome, as they hide the adulteration, and that it is not unusual to save the sweepings of tobacco-shops and warehouses, even the bits of leaf that adhere to the shoes, for the purpose of mixing in snuff—must make even the most hardened and incorrigible snuffer pause ere he again converts his nose into a dust-hole and a soot-bag.

Considering how the practice of snuff-taking tends to spoil the complexion, it seems strange that ladies should ever become addicted to it. The fact that, by the drain of the juices, it tends to injure the muscles of the face, to furrow and corrugate the skin, and to give a gaunt, withered, and jaundiced appearance to "the human face divine," would be enough, one would think—saying nothing of damage to the health—to deter any woman from touching the "high-dried pulvilio." Yet, in the days of Queen Anne and Louis XV., as we have already hinted, the practice was fashionable, not only with old ladies—who still cling to it—but with those who had their conquests yet to make, and whom time had not begun to rob of their charms. Leigh Hunt remarks that the ladies in the time of the Voltaires and the Du Chatelets seemed never to think themselves either too old to love, or too young to take snuff. A bridegroom in one of the British essayists, describing his wife's fondness for rouge and carmine, complains that he can never make pure, unsophisticated way to her cheek, but is obliged, like Pyramus in the story, to kiss through a wall—to salute through a crust of paints and washes:

"Wall, vile wall, which did these lovers sunder."

This, it has been well observed, "is

bad enough; yet the object of paint is to imitate health and loveliness; the wish to look well is in it." But snuff! what a death-blow does it give to all that romance and poetry with which man delights to invest the other sex! How vulgar the thought that a sneeze should interrupt a kiss or a sigh! Fancy a young beauty, to whom her lover on his knees, after a protracted and sentimental courtship, has just closed a tremulous avowal of his passion with the despairing interrogatory, "Can I love thee?" sneezing out, at this very pinch of the game, what would otherwise be one of the sweetest of loving and bashful replies: "*Oh! Edward! this is so un-un-expected!*" What sylph, foreseeing the possibility of such a catastrophe, would superintend the conveyance of this dust to the nostrils of a belle! What gnome would not take a fiendish delight in hovering over a snuff-loving beauty!

The question who invented snuff-taking is an interesting one on which antiquaries differ. That Catherine de Medicis, who instigated the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, is entitled to the honor of so philanthropic an act, we shall not believe. If she did originate the practice, it was from any but philanthropic motives. It is well known that when she wished to get rid of offensive persons in an "artistic" manner, she was in the habit of presenting them with delicately made sweetmeats, or trinkets, in which death lurked in the most engaging forms; and perhaps she had the same end in view, in inventing and offering snuff. Whoever invented it, it was at the court of the grand monarch, Louis XIV., that snuff, with all its expensive corollaries of scents and curious boxes, first received the highest sanction, so that Molière speaks of it as *le passion des honnêtes gens*. In England, it became common after the great plague, from a belief that tobacco, in all its forms, prevented infection. Its use is also said to have

increased very much after Sir George Rooke's expedition to Spain, great quantities having been taken and sold as prizes. Howell, in a letter on Tobacco (1646), says that the Spanish and Irish "take it most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain:" and he adds that the serving-maids and the swains at the plough, when overtired with labor, "take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh orjour to fall to their work again." When William of Holland ascended the British throne, the prevalence of the Dutch taste confirmed the general use of snuff, and it was the fashion to be curious in its use. Valuable boxes of all styles were sported, and the beaux carried canes with hollow heads, that they might the more conveniently inhale a few grains through the perforations, as they sauntered in the fashionable promenades. Rich essences were employed to flavor it, and a taste in such scents was considered a necessary part of a refined education. Now, snuff-taking has become a practice as wide-spread among civilized people as chewing or smoking—is the favorite mode of consuming the weed with men of culture, quick intellects, and elegant tastes; and in every country, the boxes—which are the favorite presents of kings to their favorites—are devised hardly less ingeniously, and ornamented far more expensively, than pipes. At the coronation of George IV. the bill of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge for snuff-boxes to foreign ministers, was £8,205 15s. 5d. It is estimated that in France not less than six millions of persons take snuff, consuming each two and a half pounds annually, at an expense of over ten francs per nose! The bare duty paid upon tobacco and snuff in England and Scotland averaged in 1850 more than twenty-eight millions of dollars annually!—a prodigious amount to be blown away in smoke, or sneezed

away in dust, at a time when the government was higgling on a paltry sum of £100,000 for national education. It is an interesting fact that snuffing is more a Scotch habit than an English or Irish one. The consumption of the dust north of the Tweed is enormous. Every man who would have a smooth pathway in "Auld Scotia," carries a "mull;" it is a letter of introduction, a begetter of conversation, a maker of friends. Hence it has been said that the way to a Scotchman's heart is "through his nose."

Snuff-taking necessitates snuff-boxes, and it is interesting to note the ingenuity which has been expended in different countries in contriving and ornamenting these receptacles of "the dust." In France, in the age of Louis XIV., a snuff-box of some elegant material, whether decorated with paintings or resplendent with precious stones, was part of the necessities of a beauty of *ton*. Mr. Fairholt, in his late work on "Tobacco," states that quaint forms have been as common to snuff-boxes as to tobacco-pipes. Coffins were at one time hideously adapted to hold the fragrant dust. *A coiled snake*, whose central folds form the lid, was a box for a naturalist; a *book* might serve for a student, and a *boat* for a sailor. Of a fashion in Queen Anne's time a poet thus sings:

Within the lid the painter plays his part,  
And with his pencil proves his matchless art;  
There, drawn to life, some spark or mistress dwells,  
Like hermits chaste and constant to their cells.

It has been said that boxes enough have been made of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree to build a man-of-war. Perhaps the most unique and useful of all these devices was a snuff-pistol with two barrels, invented about forty years ago by an Englishman. By touching a spring with the forefinger, both nostrils were instantly filled, and snuff enough driven up the nose to last the whole day. *Apropos* to royal

presents of snuff-boxes to which we have alluded, a curious secret came to light some years ago in England, showing the manner in which kings are fleeced by those with whom they deal, and the heartlessness of those on whom they lavish their favors. It appears that the royal goldsmith, who charged his majesty £1000 or £500 for a presentation snuff-box, was in the habit of purchasing it the next day of the donee for about half or two-thirds of the nominal value, and that the same box was again supplied and again repurchased, till some foreigner, not liking the practice or the price, put it in his pocket!

The literature of snuff-taking teems with amusing anecdotes, with a few of which we will conclude. Everybody has heard of the thief, who, being arrested for having "conveyed" without leave a canister of the dust from a shop, protested that he never knew before that it was criminal to *take snuff*; and of the anti-snuffing person, who, when politely tendered a pinch, refused with the rude declaration, that, had Nature intended his nose for a snuff-box, she would have turned it the other way—a logical *non sequitur*, by the way, since by such an arrangement the organ could be less easily supplied than now. Napoleon's love of snuff has already been hinted at; not only on the battle-field, but at home in the council, he had recourse to the dust, especially when his schemes were unfavorably received, and he wished to hide his uneasiness or impatience. Unable to sit still in his elbow-chair, he would try in a thousand ways to divert attention from himself; and, among other devices, as soon as he saw a member's eye fixed on him, would hold out his arm, and shake his thumb and forefinger, to signify that he wished for a pinch of snuff. A box being promptly tendered, Napoleon would help himself to its contents, and then turning it round and round in his hands, would invariably conclude, in his abstracted

mood, by putting it into his pocket. Not less than four, and even six, snuff-boxes, disappeared in this manner during a single sitting; and it was not till he had left the council-chamber, that he became aware of the larceny. So confirmed was this habit, that some of the councillors, whose snuff-boxes were heir-looms or presents from foreign princes, hit upon the expedient of carrying cheap *papier-maché* or wooden boxes for the Emperor to pocket. The snuff-boxes, however, always returned to their owners, and, in doing so, were often found to have undergone a very pleasant metamorphosis. By some necromancy, a wooden or tortoise-shell box, on coming out from the imperial pocket, was usually transformed into one of gold, set round with diamonds, or bearing the Emperor's miniature on the lid.

The distress experienced by inveterate snuff-takers when long deprived of their favorite stimulus, drives them sometimes to desperate shifts; and in such an extremity, almost any "Jack-at-a-pinch" at all resembling it, is eagerly snapped up to supply the place of the real article. A severe snow-storm in the Scottish Highlands, which raged several weeks, so blockaded all communication between neighboring hamlets, that snuff-takers were at length reduced to their last pinch. Among the sufferers was the parson of the parish, whose craving was so intense that the sermon was at a stand-still. "What's to be done, John?" was his pathetic inquiry of the beadle, who had ended a bootless journey through the snow-drifts to a neighboring glen in quest of a supply. John shook his head gloomily; but soon started up abruptly, as if a new idea had struck him. In a few minutes he came back, crying, "Hae!" The minister, too eager to be scrutinizing, took a long, deep pinch, and then asked "Whaur did you get it?" "I soupit (swept) the pulpit," was John's triumphant reply. The parson's wast-

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ed snuff had come to be eminently serviceable in this hour of "fearfullest extremity."

The foregoing anecdote might find an appropriate place in Dean Ramsay's amusing book—our next in some future "Reminiscences of New England Character." Some years ago, a clergyman in the land of steady habits, who was a most inveterate snuff-taker, commenced the Sunday service by reading the fourth section of the 119th Psalm. Unconsciously, as he an-

nounced the passage to be read, and while the hearers were looking it out in their Bibles, he drew out his snuff-box, and took a lusty pinch of the contents, which resulted in a startling explosion of his nasal organ, making the style of elocution somewhat as follows: "*My soul clea-e-e-e-che-che-e-che-che-clearveth unto the dust!*" The titter that ran through the church showed that not only the poor parson but the congregation "felt the pinch," and were "up to snuff."

### AMERICAN COMMERCE.

THE progress of the world may be traced in the trackless path of its commerce. In the remote days of camels and dromedaries, the far east had a monopoly of civilization. As the gray dawn gave way to auroral beauty, the carrying trade moved westward, taking to the waters.

Commerce was not long in driving her keel the whole length of the Mediterranean. For many a century that sea was the ocean. Now and then, goaded by martial thirst or corsair daring, a ship would pass the Pillars of Hercules and venture along the rim of the great Unknown. The march of commerce and civilization, the two great C's of the world, the Atlantic and the Pacific of human progress, led finally to the British Isles. It was there that the "jumping-off place" was found. The vast ocean, stretching away to sunset, was the despair of navigation. Finding no farther occidental progress possible, the arts and sciences took up their residence in England. The result was, that the insignificant island beyond the channel developed into the grandest of nations.

The mariner's compass enabled civilization to go one step farther. In America it found the end of its

journey. The circuit had then been completed. After Asia was Europe, and after America Asia; but until Columbus solved the riddle, it was, "After Europe—what?" No sooner did commerce spread her sails and make conquest of America, than civilization came too; and already we may in all modesty say that the noblest nation of all the world and all the ages is the youngest. It is therefore to the dromedaries of the sea that the race is indebted primarily for the expanse and improvement which make this age contrast with the age of caravans and deserts.

This hasty glance at commerce as the handmaid of civilization suggests in a general way the importance of the subject before us. It is one in which the people feel an increasing interest, and which is now before Congress in a practical shape. National legislation can help us to use what every great nation has found to be its most potent instrument of power, or by persistent *do-nothingism* can rob us of it. Some thirty years ago that most observant of travellers, DeTocqueville, predicted for America supremacy upon the high seas, and that at no very distant day. He was fairly charmed by our maritime enterprise. At that

time no less than nine-tenths of the European products and fabrics imported here came in American bottoms. Our ships filled the docks of Havre and Liverpool, and our flag was familiar the whole marine world over. To trace the causes of our decline and point out its remedy is our present purpose.

The answer to the first half of the inquiry before us is epitomized in the word *England*, and the other is largely suggested by it. British "neutrality" during our late war has acquired an infamous notoriety, but the real cause of England's commercial superiority dates farther back. At the time De Tocqueville came to inspect us there was no special intervention in either country. The natural laws of navigation were left to work out their results unfretted by hampers, unaided by outside pressure. Neither England nor the United States thought there was any need of intervention. Both peoples had supreme faith in their navigators. Had not Drake with his eighty ships put to rout Tromp with his one hundred, and the tricolor of Briton wrenched the broom from the Dutch mast-head? Had not the Armada of Philip fallen back from the English coast baffled, and in its disaster carried down both the Spanish and Portuguese commerce? If England could by the inherent superiority of her ships and sailors bear off the palm from those nations, then surely she had nothing to fear from the American infant. Thus did English statesmen and business-men reason. The poet Coleridge, who with all his opium delusions could see clearer than the great men of Parliament and the Clyde, warned England of her peril, and the warning was at length heard.

The Dutch sank to nothingness with the eclipse of their commerce; the Latin nations named shrivelled to pigmies with the loss of their shipping. England could as illy afford to lose hers; and so at last the tough English hide was pierced, and there was real

alarm. The first thing was for the Government to extend the principle of protection to commerce, as it then did and long had done to every branch of manufactures. Under the guise of hiring the ocean mails of the realm carried, large subsidies were appropriated to steam-ship lines. There has been no departure from this line of policy since its primal adoption. It mattered not which party might be in power, Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative, the Government has been unvarying in its adherence to the subsidy plan. In our own country the same principle underlies the Homestead act, which is an agricultural subsidy. The levying of impost taxes so as to foster domestic interests of any kind, is an exercise of the same kind of political authority. But for some reason impossible of explanation, the American mind has always discriminated against commercial protection, although we have generally from the first had more or less protection for all land interests. The farmer has been heard in his prayer for the sheep of his pasture, and all artificers have been shielded from the merciless assaults of foreign competitors, and even railroad capital has been bountifully subsidized. Is it strange, then, that with Britain's adoption of the subsidy system and our refusal to adopt it, the commercial tide turned? The industrial genius formerly captivated by the weird charms of the ocean, turned land-lubber. It was the most natural thing in the world. Receiving extra mail compensation, British lines could carry freight and passengers cheaper than American lines could. To compete with English ships on an equal footing was to distance them in the race; but with the Exchequer of Great Britain to give speed to the wings of British commerce, it was a very different thing.

Subsidy in one case and not in the other did a great work for England and against America. It is generally

supposed to explain the decline of our commerce, a decline which had gone so far prior to the war that our commerce of 1860 was in its senility; but a still more significant cause lies deeper. Acts of Parliament are mighty when sustained by public sentiment, but in this age of business-enterprise there is an agency mightier than the sceptre of legislation. In this case it was that great marine insurance company, the Society of Lloyd's Register, with its Rules. That institution supplemented the Government subsidy policy, the latter being little more than its John the Baptist. In the dedication of Moorsom's "Review of the Laws of Tonnage" (1853), the author justly accords chief credit to this society for the thrift of British commerce.

The mode of operation is partially stated by an English nautical writer in these words: "This extraordinary but eminently English association has, for more than thirty years, governed the ship-owning and ship-building community. By wise and practical rules, administered with even-handed justice and impartiality, this important society has striven to assist the ship-builders and ship-owners of this country to improve the merchant shipping of Great Britain and her colonies, and they are reaping a well-merited reward in the general improvement of the structure of ships, and in the increasing confidence reposed in them by all parties interested in shipping, and they have never at any time had so many vessels building in conformity to their rules, under the special supervision of their surveyors, as at the present moment."

This is a partially correct statement of the case. In so far as the rules of this society have discriminated against really inferior ships,—using the term *ship* in its fullest sense,—they have wrought a good work for commerce generally. It is one of the incidental advantages of all insurance, to raise the character of the property insured;

for, the better the house or ship the lower the rate of insurance. But while professing merely to regulate the building and equipping of ships in Great Britain, inclusive of the colonies, the society has in point of fact always discriminated unjustly against the shipping of every other maritime nation. Rule 19 renders it impossible for the best foreign-built ship to get classification above second-grade; for that regulation requires for No. 1, construction "under survey." Even the second grade cannot, under Rule 22, be enjoyed for any considerable length of time. The rate of insurance, in whatever port, is determined by the grade of the ship. A Lloyd's Registry of the British Shipping has been in existence a trifle over one hundred years, but this unfair use of it only dates back to 1834. Since then the plot for assassinating all non-British tonnage has been doing its deadly work, and to-day there is no such autocracy on the land as Lloyd's on the high seas. The British Government has merely given the Lloyd's an approving nod. This modern Neptune has asked no other favor of the political Olympus than to be let alone.

The marine underwriters of England, through their foreign agencies, have succeeded in doing for British ship-builders much what the managers of the railroads centring in Chicago have for the elevators of this city. In both cases a close, albeit a secret, alliance has been formed, and an absolute monopoly established. Insurance is a very important feature of all business in these latter days, and especially on the perilous deep. All ship-owners and shippers avail themselves of this grand device of modern times for making the many share the mishaps of the few, and thus lighten the burdens of all. The British underwriting interest is strong enough to crush whatever does not adopt its regulations. The lines of this policy of favoring British tonnage go out to every seaport, and no ship-

ments can escape its influence. Like the subsidy system, which dates from the same time, its growth was gradual, and as the Government has been unswerving in its protection to domestic commerce, so has the Lloyd's. Together they have wrought, until even America has been forced to "give up the ship."

We have said that our civil war only hastened the decay then far advanced. If this were not so, our commerce, like every other interest, would have long since recovered itself and outstripped its former achievements. Men and capital were diverted from the other industries of the country quite as much as from this, and 1871 finds them far more flourishing than 1861 did. The decade of desolation was also the decade of thrift. We need not, therefore, cast the blame of our maritime feebleness upon the "Alabama" and kindred crafts of piracy. The corsair did terrible execution, but his land-lubber ally did far more effective work. Neither need we fear for the final adjustment of the principle of international law underlying the "Alabama" claim, and the liquidation of the claim itself. Great Britain has too much tonnage, and is in too much danger of being involved herself in war, to refuse in due time an equitable settlement.

With these reflections, we pass on to the last part of our subject, viz: What must be done for the revival of our commercial prosperity?

This question has already been answered largely by implication. We have seen what Great Britain did, and how effectually the end sought has been attained. Does not the voice of wisdom whisper to us, "Go and do likewise?" No, not exactly. If it were really necessary to do all that England has done, and we could do it, then we should; for it is incontestable that British commercial supremacy has not been dearly bought. But we need not resort to subsidy, and we cannot in detail follow the Lloyd's

programme. Before, however, setting forth what in our judgment ought to be done, it may be well to devote a paragraph to "How not to do it."

The proposition to buy our shipping abroad has no inconsiderable advocacy, utterly indefensible though it be. The raw material of our own country and the skill of our own industry would thus be left dormant. It is to the superiority of these, in a very large measure, that we were indebted for our commercial thrift in times past. Our timber is tough and cheap. Our iron is harder than British iron—better adapted to ship-building. In the very important matter of engines we distance all rivalry, and that partly because our iron is superior for that purpose, but mainly because our makers excel in skill. In the general construction of ships, whether wooden or iron, propelled by wind or steam, our shipwrights defy even English competition. They did it once; they would do it again. Shall we throw away all these advantages? Then, again, there would be no security for our navigation, if dependent upon foreign ship-builders. The supply might be cut off at the very time most needed—either at the fiat of legislation or through the connivance of the owners and builders of rival lines. We could not surrender commercial independence without fatally weakening our navy. The navy of the United States is now on a par with our merchant marine. The two go together, invariably. To settle down into naval imbecility would be destructive of our independence in the family of nations. No further arguments are needed to expose the utter fallacy of the proposition to build up our commerce upon the ashes of our ship-building interest.

The first thing the Government should do is to allow a rebate on all foreign materials used in the construction of ships, to the exact extent of the tariff originally paid. Protection to ship-building requires this concession.

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That this protective use of free trade might not in effect amount to discrimination against domestic material, it should further be provided that when the latter is used, the same allowance from the treasury of the United States should be made as would be made if foreign materials had been used.

This is the plan devised by the special committee of the Forty-first Congress, appointed to investigate this subject. It is admirable as a corner-stone, for it is that and no more. The actual cost to the Government would be nothing, so far as concerns the impost rebate, and the bounty allowed in the case of domestic materials would be so slight as to make no perceptible drain upon the public treasury.

The ships once afloat, the Post Office department in its mail contracts should give the preference to American lines. No extra compensation, no real subsidy, should be paid. None would be necessary. Fair contracts should be made—contracts on precisely the same basis as one business man would negotiate them with another; and as they are supposed to be, at least, with railroad companies now.

How can the Lloyd obstacle be overcome? This is a knotty question. The underwriter system will in time reach the evil. Once let American commerce regain its foothold, and American insurance capital will join our shipping capital, and we shall "fight fire with fire." The same love of gain which has united the underwriters and ship-builders of England would bring together the two classes in this country. But the problem is to tide our ships over the sand that bars them from this open roadstead. One cannot plunge into deep water before learning to swim. For this intermediate stage let the Government put a premium upon the importation of goods in American bottoms. As the Lloyds favor British ships, so let us favor our own. A slight reduction—

just enough to offset the extra insurance—should be allowed during the period of restoration. When we say American ships, we do not mean all crafts floating the Star flag of our country, nor yet all built in our dock-yards. There should be thorough, intelligent adoption of the rating system. Each vessel should be inspected, and none which do not deserve really first-class ratage should be given the benefit of this reduction. In that way we should not only encourage American ship-building, but the construction of none but the very best ships. This policy should be adopted at the same time as the rebate proposed in Congress, and be unvaryingly adhered to until rendered unnecessary, either by the abrogation of the unjust rules (19 and 22) of the Lloyds, or by the establishment of an equitable American system of marine underwriting strong enough to hold its own against the Lloyds. Such are the conditions of American prosperity on the high seas.

It is hardly to be expected that the present Congress will adopt the requisite legislation. The session will be brief, and petty interests will jostle this one aside. We may, however, rest assured that the lethargy will soon be shaken off. Every section of the country is deeply interested. The South has cotton to export; the West, pork, wheat, and corn—the latter in a liquid state, mainly; and both must join the East in crying out for domestic shipping. Then, too, our coal and iron want ship-yards. More than all these specific demands, is the grand fact that America is midway between the two old worlds. Asia and Europe touch each other, yet the great bulk of their trade is by the oceans. If history teaches anything, it does that a people at the equator between the two poles of commerce holds the key to wealth and power. On either side it collects tolls. In the past there has been no stability to this wealth and power, because the centre of trade has been constantly shifting; but the

end has come. The whole world has now been discovered; and so long as the Atlantic and the Pacific surge, America will be central between the two great continents. We only need domestic commerce to realize this in-

comparable advantage. That secured, and our prosperity will be augmented from abroad precisely in proportion as the rest of the world thrives and traffics.

FRANK GILBERT.

### CONCERNING TABLE-D' HOTE.

THIS is a subject so rich in humor and philosophy that the silence of travellers concerning it is without other explanation than that afforded by the homely old proverb, "A burned child dreads the fire;" for to the average tourist, fresh from an unconventional American home, the ordeal of an English *table-d'hôte*—usually the form of this phenomenon that first presents itself—is sufficiently trying to make upon a sensitive epidermis, impressions of a lasting character.

But be it ours to rise superior to this weakness, and to offer ourselves as martyrs to the promulgation of some notions touching the mighty Juggernaut of the European Hotel system.

Call we then to mind our first solemn down-sitting before "the table of the host." It was at the Lakes of Killarney—"Royal Victoria" Hotel. There was such a land-and-water-landscape outside the windows as rarely meets the eye; but something close at hand obscured it—namely, one dozen dinner plates. For there was an officious young clergyman, aided and abetted by the whole senior class of a theological seminary, who seemed to have an eye single to despoiling us of our trenchers at intervals so frequent that our plate of soup was hastier than General Scott's, our salmon melted away like fabled fruits from the lips of mythologic Tantalus, and as for our lamb and green peas, they were not, for the wretch took them. So unequal, indeed, was our game of

knife-and-fork to his brilliant manoeuvres of spoliation, that we soon resigned ourselves in desperation to our fate, while this thought flashed cheerily athwart the chaos of consciousness: "Who says we can't have tea and toast up-stairs, in spite of these theologues, when this horrid farce is over?" Words are inadequate to measure the degree of awe that the chief of these young men inspired. Such a sense of helplessness and ignorance of the world as his very glance created, can only be compared to the emotions which Steerforth's "man" aroused in the gentle breast of David Copperfield; for he was thoroughly master of the situation—and the situation was so frightfully new to us! Indeed, I shall always believe he racked his brain on this occasion to impale me upon dilemmas whose horns were never before brandished, and at junctures the most unexpected. His unctuous voice, in the use of faultless French, glided over lists of unimagined delicacies, and his pause was as the silence of fate, while I made election of "the last"—with a presence of mind which astonishes me as I contemplate it. Nor was this all. Eight English dames and seven bald-headed gentlemen, written all over with marks of the most unmistakable gentility, surrounded this aristocratic board. A hush was in the air, suggesting to my feverish fancy that a ghost was at the banquet; while the decorum of each movement, the measured rhythm of those noble jaws, and

the geometric precision of those mouthfuls of roast beef, recalled that period in history when dining was a ceremony of religion.

Nor was this all. Opposite sat Viscount Fitz-Noodle. To see this scion of a noble race recruit exhausted nature, was my despair. What a perfect *connoisseur* was he in all culinary things! how thorough was his mastery of the mystic art of Dining! It haunts me still, that high-bred face, that Cupid's bow of a moustache, that faultless hand with fairy wine-glass poised between its taper fingers! Less pleasant is the vision of the merciless glass screwed beneath a patronizing eyebrow, in the long intervals of the repast, and the anatomizing glance across the table at his *vis-à-vis*.

But never mind—bread and cheese came at last, and then the *Charlotte Russe*, and the signal that the ceremonies were concluded, from Lady Weazenized, at the table's head.

Thus ended my initiation into that vast and highly respectable company who learn by what they suffer at *table-d'hôte*; for, be it mildly intimated to all "intending tourists," that he who declines to avail himself of this means of grace falls at once to zero upon the social scale, and is not counted worthy to gather up the crumbs that fall thence, but takes his modest steak or slice of beef as he can catch it, after the elect, at a dollar or two per head, are served.

You enter, tired and hungry, after a day's "doing" of cathedral and museum. Mine host or his dignified representative the head waiter (for thus do they term "the clergyman" of my Kilnarney repast!) smilingly greets you with, "Dine at *table-d'hôte*, Sir?—Just one place left!" But you are too weary to dress, too much occupied to spend one hour at table, and too cross to make yourself agreeable when there. So you prefer a couple of savory dishes in quietness to a dinner of twelve courses and trouble therewith. Nor is it impossible that the financial as-

pect of the question may confirm your choice; the modern traveller is not always either a "shoddy" or a Cræsus.

What a change follows the declaration of your frugal decision! Proprietor finds his attentions are requisite elsewhere; head waiter adjusts his oleaginous locks, smooths his official napkin, and disappears. Even the head porter—that impressive functionary with nose like a bunch of frost-touched grapes, hands plump as dumplings by reason of good cheer, and garments of blue cloth and brass trimmings—points over his shoulder with disdainful thumb and tells "Jack" to "show the party up to number 532." Henceforth is reserved for you the unenviable treatment prepared for those of whom it is said, "Oh, they dine *à la carte*!"

Alas! had you but minded those things that make for a tourist's peace, how different might your fate have been! Had you but said, "Dine at *table-d'hôte*? Certainly—always. You have old wines, of course?" every man of them had blessed you; the proprietor himself would have helped you to lay aside your overcoat, the porter would have run for your key, and the head waiter shown you upstairs, to a dead certainty!

The table of the host is, in brief, the Hotel Divinity. Around it revolve the hopes and fears, and in it centres the pride, of every member of the family, from the gray-haired proprietor, through the sombre ranks of clerks and waiters, down to the porter's grimmest minion. Its sanctuary is the most ambitious room the house contains, and—agreeably to the advertisements in all the guide-books—"no time nor expense is spared to render it an exponent of the proprietor's desire to please *Messieurs les voyageurs*."

Somebody has wisely said: "Cathedrals are not built, they grow." Equally applicable is this remark to the slow evolution of a thousand occult powers which culminates in *table-d'hôte*. Slaves of the lamp, of whom

we read in mediæval chronicle, were not more devoted to their art than the gaunt crew of head waiters to this *chef-d'œuvre* of modern civilization. Enter the dining-hall at what hour you may—be it in the cheerless twilight of dawn, at the heat of noon, or in the heart of night, still bravely the work goes on; here a little and there a little, but a good deal altogether, to what purpose you would find it difficult to tell, so slow the wonder grows,—but this you know, a perfect thing comes forth at last.

The priest of the Hotel Divinity is the head waiter—a character already mentioned more than once in the present lucubrations, but worthy of a special paragraph. He is that nice, almost melancholy young man whom every tourist knows, with shining and abundant locks, generally parted in the middle, teeth marvelously white, and side-whiskers in exchange for which many a milord would forego his hopes of Paradise; who always wears unblemished collars, wristbands, and white vests, and often sports a gold chain; whose long-tailed coat, ebony pants, and congress gaiters, even if a shade past their prime, are so carefully brushed and so skilfully inked at the seams that their wearer is the very image of respectability; that personage, in short, whom the untutored traveller from America is at first prone to salute as "Mister," and would infallibly write down as "Rev. Mr." but for a marked tendency to redness in his hands and to altogether unclerical expletives in his speech. This interesting character devotes to the mystery of which we treat, his best, most inspired hours; on it he lavishes the wealth of his affections; for it he is killed all the day long; but like all faithful stewards, he has his reward at last, for he is indeed a high dignitary when the supreme moment comes—when the last rub has been given to the cutlery, the last touch to the bouquets, the last love-pat to the cloth—when a great bell rings and

rings again, a long procession of servants file down the stately room, a hundred elegant guests take their places, and the shrine welcomes its devotees—or, in vulgar parlance, "*table-d'hôte* is served."

Upon the Continent this service is often really enjoyable. It is far less formal than in England, everybody talking freely with his neighbor, so that the grinding of one's own molars is not all the sound one hears. Besides, the requisitions of the toilette are not so rigid, and the time occupied is less. After all, when one's initiation is well over, *table-d'hôte* is rather agreeable, as a study of customs and character. A racy book would that be which Mark Twain might write on "*The Table-d'Hôte of Different Nations*," for the most prosy traveller's "Notes" yield material varied and amusing. For example: In Denmark they bring one's "portion" of tea to the table in a small silver box, with a curious contrivance—a combination of furnace and tea-pot—in which one prepares it as he best can. In Sweden, before sitting down, the gentlemen, at a side-table, take off or put on the edge to their appetites—we could never exactly determine which—over sandwiches, sardines, and gin. In Russia, unwary travellers have been known to mis-take *caviar* of antique flavor for fresh blackberries, and to eject them from contact with a tortured palate so forcibly that consequences the most deplorable ensued. In Russia, also, one learns to relish a slice of lemon in one's tea, though travellers seldom fall into the custom of drinking it from *tumblers*, à la *Muscovite*; and in a Moscow restaurant, where ladies lean back in their chairs enjoying cigarettes, the waiter brings you, with the bill of fare, a list of tunes from which you select what you will listen to as you take an ice, whereupon a huge hand-organ grinds it out for you! Germany and Egypt have one heathenish custom in common—that of supplying the table

with candles which are lighted during dessert, and are a signal and means for the igniting of the gentlemen's cigars, which soon emit smoke enough to drive any but a very strong-minded lady from the table. Going up the Nile we had a droll *table-d' hôte*. It was the steamship "Behera" that sailed the Nile's broad sea, and fifty hungry tourists who formed the company. We were divided in two parties, and dined fore and aft, "according" as we had or had not "come out" with Thomas Cook, "Tourist Manager" from London. Being, happily and unhappily, among the "had nots," we were classed with those who occupied the sailors' cabin instead of the saloon; and one of our companions—a nice old English tea-merchant—used to watch the dishes as they came up from below, or rather down from above (though they had none of manna's gracious qualities), and report the unfairness with which the dainties (?) were dealt out—how that "those Kenah dates" all went to "the cooks," and the dry ones (which we pocketed and distributed to our donkey-boys) came to us;—how that they had turkey and cranberries when we were chewing laboriously at unsauced old hen,—with a variety of other outrages. Our daily programme—written out carefully by the steward—was a "curiosity of literature," as an extract will prove:

*Steamer Behera—Jan. 28 '70.*

Soup Julian—Vegetables Boiled Irish and Beets.

But our Jerusalem *table-d' hôte* was *un genre à part*. Nobody could here object that he was n't at his ease. We used to go to the "cupboard" and help ourselves, under the very eyes of the dark-skinned proprietor. One day a gentleman of our party happened to upset his coffee-cup on the already copper-colored cloth. Mine host looked so seriously afflicted at this that we tried to console him by suggesting that a napkin be laid over the offending stain, adding—as

conclusive authority for such a device—"that's the way they do at Paris." He raised his hand in energetic deprecation, exclaiming, "You may think so, lady, and the people may do so if they like in Paris, but I can tell you it wont answer for Jerusalem!" Next day we had a spotless damask cloth—the only clean feature the table could boast.

At Suez we were served with Red Sea fish and mountain honey, by tall, handsome waiters from Hindostan, in the tight-fitting linen garments of their country. Their only English word was "Tank you;" and they repeated it in their soft tones even when told by irate English colonels to seek quarters in a certain very warm region not namable to ears polite. At Damascus, solemn Syrians in Turkish costume were our waiters; and at Moscow, Tartars with inconvenient paucity of expression and close-cropped hair. In Constantinople, on Greek Easter Sunday, two "Pascal Lambs" flanked by plates of red eggs formed a leading feature of our *table-d' hôte*. Odd enough they looked, with a lemon apiece squeezed between their herbivorous jaws, double rosettes of white paper garnishing their tails, and lettuce-leaves fastened to their sides with silver spikes. Athens gave us our most appreciated dinner—though our estimate was doubtless heightened by the contrast it afforded to our recent experiences in the Orient. But to speak thus seems hardly fair, with a *Menu* like this before one's eyes:

*Hôtel du Nil, Cairo, 27th Feb., 1870.*

Soupe à la Julienne.

Pigeons with Mushrooms.

Filet de Boeuf with Spinach.

Gigot de Veau, with *Salade délicateuse*.

Dessert: French Cream Cakes, Apples, Pears, Juicy Egyptian Oranges, Raisins, Almonds, English Walnuts, and Coffee, cream softened.

Coming up the Danube to Vienna on the elegant steamer "Orient," a grim old Turk, hardly *au fait* in European manners, sat opposite our party, and it

was something besides amusing to see him eat dried herrings, tail and all! Once, at breakfast, the old gentleman mixed some hard-boiled eggs with oil, vinegar, mustard, wine, and all the other "condiments" at his command, and, to our astonishment at his condescension (knowing in what low esteem he must hold the gentler sex), passed it across to a lady of our party, who received it quite as a matter of course, and offered the old Turk a slice of her toast in return!

A conversation with a French gentleman, while dining at the Grand Hotel in Paris—whither all good Americans are supposed to go when they die, and where they are lucky indeed if they don't die when they go,—shall close these prandial reminiscences.

He began by asking if we did not find "*Cramouski à la Perigueux*" an ideal dish? and while we were musing on the larger question, "Is there any really ideal dish except peaches and cream?" he raised a third, and with it his sloping shoulders, after the manner of his nation, when they would express disgust: "How can you Americans make such a mess as you do of your dinner? *C'est horrible!*"

"What do you know about our diners, Sir? and who is your authority for the offensive term by which you characterise them?"

"Why, I travelled in your country years ago, and the way in which meat and potatoes, cabbage and turnip, carrots and beets were jumbled together on my plate was so nauseating that I was often forced to leave the table."

Here a big, well-to-do Californian came to the rescue:

"Do you pretend to say, Monshur, that you would n't like to hang on to your plate longer, if you could, and to eat your victuals all at once, instead of taking 'em in this canary-bird style, that sets a man nipping half a bean at a mouthful?"

The French gentleman here entered upon an elaborate defence of the European system of dining—insisting that the custom of serving each dish separately was founded in a deep philosophy. He cited the habits of the lower orders of creation, "the noble horse, the sweet-breathed cow and cleanly rabbit," which take but one kind of food at a time, as examples of unperturbed appetite; claiming that the frequent change of plates was the readiest method of securing the needed interval between the changes of the food; referring to the superior civilization shown in lingering long over the day's chief repast, and closing his harangue with the ungracious question: "Was wisdom then in swaddling-bands till you Americans took her in hand and 'brought her up'? Has the human race waited six thousand years or more for this nasatoned Daniel to come to judgment? Is the noble Art of Dining lost? and if so, shall we look for its revival to a country where the war-whoop and the axe have been replaced by cotton-factories and railways within the memory of men now living?"

This was what the burly Californian had needed to bring him out.

"You're glib enough, Monshur, no discount on it. But I'm awfully afraid that you're a fraud. Fact is, how could you be anything else, even if you wanted to? Just think—you never ate a square meal of victuals in all your born days! By your own showing, the only one you ever saw made you sick to your stomach. Now if I had fasted all my life as you have, I shouldn't be even so much of a man as you are! Why, look at this very dinner! A little contemptible taste of string-beans; a potato, to be eaten alone; a sliver of fish, to be eaten alone; a spoonful of sour cream poured over three plums; two or three mouthfuls of meat on as many plates, each one snatched before you're done; one gill of wishy-washy soup, and an orange! I wont even conde-

scend to mention your "*noix de veau*," "*aloyau braisé aux Laitues*," and such heathenish trash that nobody pretends to eat at all. Now I'll tell you that a man who, in his sober senses, will make as good a speech as you did, to defend such a bill of fare as that!" —here he rose and flourished the *menu*—"has only one hope for this life or that which is to come; and that is, to go to California, take board at a Mariposa *ranche*, and learn to eat what's set before him."

The Frenchman twists his waxed moustache, but merely mutters under his breath, "*C'est un vrai canaille*," and we shift the debate to the unseasonable hour of *table-d'hôte* and the waste of time which it involves. He maintains that the digestive organs should not be cumbered while brain and hands require a larger measure of the vital force, and asks if, "when the setting sun sends forth nature's fiat of repose, and the day's toils are ended, it is not wisdom to let the unobtrusive exercise of the digestive powers begin?"

"More than this," he continues, waxing eloquent, "is it worthy of thinking men to bolt their food, as the Americans invariably do, disregarding altogether the amenities of the table, and reducing that which should be an exponent 'of all Art yields or Nature can decree' to the mere satisfying of a physical necessity?"

His voluble utterances are not easy

of reply from lips filled with "*Abricot à la Condé*" and woefully empty of arguments under this head, so something is gasped out concerning "the absurdity of eating a dinner of twelve courses and then crawling off to bed."

"*Sainte Vierge!*" he cries, "is this your method of existence in America? Why, to a man of the world, life is postponed till evening. We work and worry through the day, like you, but when the shadows fall, that for whose sake all things were made, begin. Fed from a thousand perpetual springs is the deep current of the true life we then enter. Thought is then ecstasy, because in the direction of our own peculiar taste. Art sets its lovelier worlds under our eyes, music lifts us to other spheres, society tunes the relaxing cords of wit and wisdom; but let me add, the overture of these delights is dining, and the charmed world's curtain lifts when, cleansed from the dust of labor and embellished by one's best attire, one seats himself before a well-appointed table and spreads his napkin on his knees."

How can one stem a tide of volubility like this—and more particularly, just after one has dined? Let the vain and foolish Gaul go his benighted way, while we submit these weighty questions of Dinner and Digestion to the Oracle of Oracles—to "the one who knows more than anybody, and that is Everybody."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



## WHAT IS WOMAN WITHOUT CRINOLINE?

AUNT JERUSHA—the heroine of this “o’er true” tale—was a fatalist, for she firmly believed herself predestined to unhappiness from the cradle. But on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1864 (she had good cause never to forget this particular date), a transient gleam of happiness nevertheless illuminated her dreary existence.

The fact is, she had just completed her toilette for an early tea-party in the small New England town which was her home, and now stood before the mirror to review what she had done, and, verily, she saw that “it was well done.” Her dress of heavy silk fell in graceful folds over her voluminous crinoline; her long, lean body was enclosed without a wrinkle at the waist; the curls of a wonderfully constructed waterfall descended with “artful artlessness” over her neck; costly old lace shaded her throat and wrists; a laced pocket-handkerchief, daintily held in the middle by the thumb and forefinger of her gloved hand, displayed its embroidered corners to the fullest advantage, and the scent of its musk rivalled the perfume of the pomatum in her hair. Add to these embellishments, earrings, brooch and bracelets, all set with diamonds, a massive gold chain—and who could have looked more resplendent than Aunt Jerusha, or, to give her full name, Mrs. Jerusha Wiggins, the relict of Mr. Obadiah Wiggins, a wealthy ship-chandler, who had died of apoplexy during the first year of his wedded life?

And yet, the crowning glory of the toilette, an old-fashioned gold watch, also set with diamonds—a marriage gift of the late Obadiah—was wanting. Something had gone amiss with its works, and the watch had been sent to be mended. The watchmaker had been expressly enjoined to use dis-

patch; but, though several days had elapsed since, the article had not yet been returned. Aunt Jerusha, who would quite as soon have thought of attending a party without her waterfall as without her much-prized watch, had a few minutes before ordered Tabitha, her bosom servant-maid, to go after it, with the injunction not to return without it, whether repaired or not.

Left to herself, Aunt Jerusha sat down and gave the reins to sombre thoughts. What had become of the exultant feelings which had only a few moments before swelled her bosom? She could not forget that she was born to unhappiness! It now appeared to her inconceivable that she, whom a cruel fate had doomed from the cradle, should have permitted herself to be glad of anything: for to this day’s party she had actually looked forward with something akin to pleasure. In a succession of gloomy pictures, her life passed in review before her mind’s eye. As a child she saw herself scolded by her teachers, because her poetical soul, which loved to roam in fairy-land, obstinately refused to master the dry details of the catechism and the multiplication table. As a young maiden she saw herself the very reverse of what she had fondly dreamed of becoming—a tall, rather angular girl, so tall that she could easily look over the heads of the tallest unmarried men in her own set. She remembered her brief married life. Alas! this union had certainly not been concluded in the place where all matches ought to be made, nor with the slightest regard to the fitness of things; for the only mortal rash enough to woo the tall Jerusha, was the dwarfish, broad-shouldered Obadiah. Single all her days, however, she would not, could

not, consent to remain ; so she made a virtue of necessity, took "Hobson's choice," and bestowed her hand and handsome fortune upon him, her only eligible suitor. Her heart, she felt beforehand, would have to be unappreciated and unmated to the last.

She folded her hands, and gazed with a wistful expression on her face out of the open window on the deserted street basking below in the hot July sun. All the blinds of the opposite houses were closed ; not a step, not a sound, broke the brooding silence of the scene.

"It is the picture of my life," she murmured to herself, "sad and lonely." But a small, reproachful voice within her whispered—"It is your own fault that you are lonely." And again, in her mind's eye, she saw a form, though this time it was the form of a man. His delicate slender frame was encased in a fashionable coat ; neat was the bow under his Byronic shirt-collar ; brightly shone his Lilliputian boots and silk hat ; graceful was every movement of the small, lithe figure ; but its most attractive feature was a pair of sparkling blue eyes, from which shone out a heart big enough to take in the whole of Aunt Jerusha with all her excellencies and charms.

To be candid, our little man, whose name was Peleg Brent—or as his friends flippantly called him, "Little Peleg,"—had already performed that wonderful feat while still an humble clerk behind the counter of Jerusha's father, a highly respected and prosperous grocer. After she had married, he still continued to carry her in his heart of hearts ; and when an unexpected legacy enabled him to set up as a gentleman of leisure, he became an avowed aspirant for the hand of his early love, who had in the mean time become a widow. And, what is still more to the purpose, Aunt Jerusha herself came by degrees to acknowledge that they were kindred spirits and sympathetic souls.

But at this stage, Jerusha's malig-

nant star again interfered. She had, it is true, found a "spirit-mate," but why was he so very diminutive ? This was a difficulty which she could not get over ! Had heaven really destined them for each other here below, it would most assuredly have made him of a more corresponding stature—six feet something, instead of five feet and two inches. She recoiled from the idea of contracting once more a marriage which had not been predestined in heaven, and as often as poor Peleg pressed his suit—a subject to which he returned with a pertinacity rare in these degenerate days—she always declined committing herself, with the stereotyped formula : "No, Peleg, it can't be the will of heaven, or we should have been better matched in the flesh."

Aunt Jerusha had for the ten thousandth time arrived again at this sad conclusion, when Tabitha returned with the watch, whose diamonds sparkled just as brightly as ever, although the careless watchmaker had not repaired its works. Somewhat cheered by the sight of her treasure, Aunt Jerusha now took her departure, but not without first having strictly admonished her maid on no account whatever to leave the premises. But, as might have been expected, no sooner had Jerusha's stately form turned the corner of the street, than Tabitha ran down the front steps and dived into the basement next door, for a cozy chat with a fellow servant.

While Tabitha was gossiping with her crony in the basement of the adjoining house, and Aunt Jerusha was engaged in the same congenial occupation in a higher social sphere, the hours rapidly winged their flight. The afternoon had thus nearly passed away, when two strangers of suspicious appearance approached the deserted dwelling. Mounting the front steps, one of them pulled the bell, once, twice, three times. No one responding to the summons, they tried the door, pushed it open, entered the

hall, peeped into the parlors, ascended the stairs to the upper story, all without finding a living soul about the premises. They searched the entire house, and speedily ascertained that they were its sole occupants.

Then the fellows chuckled, looked at each other with a kind of savage joy, and eagerly proceeded to examine the contents of the different closets and drawers. There was much in them that they appeared to like—silverware, linen, jewelry—all but the money which they had evidently expected to find, but which did not turn up.

Suddenly voices and steps resounded below. The ruffians, who happened at that moment to be in Aunt Jerusha's bed-room, stood for a single moment undecided; then they nodded to each other, chuckled again, grasped their cudgels, and crept under the bed.

Poor Aunt Jerusha! It may be quite romantic to have been predestined to unhappiness from the cradle, but it is decidedly unpleasant!

It was rather late when Aunt Jerusha returned from the tea-party. Tabitha, warned in time, had managed to reach the house first, and met her mistress with the most serene composure. The usual cross-examination as to the manner in which she had employed the long afternoon, and for which the girl was fully prepared, was, however, omitted on the present occasion. Aunt Jerusha felt too tired to play the *rôle* of an inquisitor—tired from sheer mental exhaustion, for it is no trifle to hold one's own at an early female tea in a New England town. She proceeded, therefore, almost immediately up stairs, to her own bed-room, and, feeling depressed in spirits, she signified to her maid that she would dispense with her services and undress herself. While slowly divesting herself of her clothes, article after article, the sense that all was vanity and vexation of spirit completely overpowered her. How pleas-

ed she had been with herself only a few hours ago! Now she stood again before the same mirror, stripped of all her fine feathers. Her stately swelling outlines had disappeared, and instead of them the folds of her white night-dress descended from the neck to the feet in one unbroken straight line. She looked at least ten years older than the Jerusha whose form the mirror had reflected early in the afternoon. But Aunt Jerusha was a woman of strong mind, and possessed a truly great soul. She never once turned her eyes from the unflattering picture which confronted her; but, sadly shaking her head, she cast an appealing glance upward, and plaintively uttered the following memorable remark:

"Gracious Heaven! What is woman without crinoline!"

Unsuspecting Aunt Jerusha! she little dreamed that these words might easily have been her last on earth, for she immediately lay down, and a heavy breathing—our gallantry will not permit us to call it snoring—soon indicated that the day's heat and burden had been too much for her strength.

Alas! Alas! "Swift-footed," says the poet, "is the approach of woe." On the present occasion, however, the woe came slowly creeping from under the bed, in the shape of the two ill-looking strangers. Carefully rising to their feet, they looked about and approached the table, on which was deposited the jewelry taken off by its owner on retiring for the night.

Their hands were already stretched out to grasp the alluring prize, when one of the loose boards in the floor creaked under foot. Aunt Jerusha half rose from her pillow, but in an instant one of the men was by the bed, firmly clutching her throat, while the other flourished his formidable cudgel with so menacing an air over her head that she fell back paralyzed with fright. Her hands and feet were quickly tied, a gag was forced into her mouth, and in this helpless, pitiful

condition she was left to witness the disappearance of her jewelry in the capacious pockets of the ruffians. They next proceeded to open her bureau by force, emptied its cash-box, and finally filled a large basket with the linen, silver-ware, and other articles previously selected with this view. When these things had been accomplished, one of the men returned to the bed.

"Where is the other money?" he demanded, with a ferocious air which froze the blood in Aunt Jerusha's veins. As the gag in her mouth made an answer to this question a physical impossibility, the terrible cudgel was once more raised in a threatening manner.

The unfortunate woman had already closed her eyes with a mental prayer recommending her soul to Him that gave it. Then the other ruffian seized his comrade's arm.

"Let her alone!" said he. "We have no time to waste on her. It may even now be too late for the early train."

With a growl and a deep curse, the fellow suffered himself to be led away. Aunt Jerusha's eyes mechanically followed the pair as they passed close to the window on their way to the chamber door; but though it was a clear, bright summer's night, she failed to distinguish their features. The lower part of their faces was concealed by a bristly beard, while forehead and nose were shaded by slouched hats so completely that there seemed no possibility of identifying the scoundrels hereafter, even if she were lucky enough to meet them face to face.

Could it really be that the wicked were to triumph and crime go unwhipped by justice? Would not Tabitha awake and give the alarm, or the watchman on the beat come to the relief of those whose lives and property were intrusted to his vigilance and protection? But intensely as Aunt Jerusha listened, nothing was heard save the faint creaking of the

front door, and then the sound of footfalls as the ruffians rapidly passed down the sidewalk.

All was quiet at last, and then waned slowly away the most painful night in Aunt Jerusha's whole life. She now for the first time fully realized the intense horror and disgust of having been in the power of such monsters. From every corner in the room she imagined that she saw eyes fiercely glaring at her as she lay helplessly bound and gagged, and her heart almost ceased beating whenever a mouse glided across the floor or an owl hooted in the adjoining woods. The stinging pains in her tied limbs, and the horrible gag which almost choked her, added thus excruciating bodily to mental suffering.

While undergoing torture which began at last to appear so intense and agonizing that she repeatedly implored death to end them, matters outside went on as usual. The clocks of the town continued to strike the hours. With every new round the watchman's club struck the customary blow on the pavement. The early dawn of a summer morning tinged the sky with a roseate hue; the first faint twitter of the birds was heard; at the corner of the street the baker took down his shutters. At last the tramp of heavy-soled shoes announced that Tabitha was up and stirring. First she set to sweeping the front steps and the sidewalk, no doubt flirting as usual with the good-looking milkman who supplied the family over the way, giving no thought to her wretched mistress.

"Is there any one in this wide, wide world who thinks of me at all?" Aunt Jerusha mentally asked herself; and now, when it was perhaps too late, she understood for the first time in her life the full significance of the Scriptural phrase—"It is not good for man to live alone."

But the longed-for hour of release came at last. Curious to ascertain what could have caused her methodical mistress to violate all established

precedent by oversleeping so long her usual time, Tabitha stole quietly upstairs and peeped through the open door into Aunt Jerusha's bed-room. There she lay, the poor martyr, with her preternaturally-distended glassy eyes steadily fixed on the entrance, and the gag in her mouth!

For a second, Tabitha stood as if she had been turned, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. Then, uttering a piercing shriek, she flew down stairs and out into the street with the cry of "Help! help! murder! thieves!"

Accident (or was it Providence?) would so have it that Peleg Brent happened at that very time to pass down the street. Need we say that he immediately hastened to the rescue, and was the first to enter the sufferer's room? What happiness, what joy, to find that the adored of his youth and the hope of his maturer years still lived! What ecstasy to think that it should have been reserved for him to free her numbed limbs, to whisper words of sympathy and cheer into her ear, and to carry the first draught of cooling water to her parched lips!

We drop here the curtain for a few minutes, leaving the pair to their feelings, until the arrival of the neighbors interrupted their *tête-à-tête*.

There, then, she lay, the poor martyr, chastely covered with the bed-clothes up to the tip of her chin, giving detailed accounts of the preceding night's experiences to successive detachments of wondering neighbors and friends. The exclamations of the auditors, the lamentations of Tabitha, the running commentaries of Peleg, were quite melodramatic in their way. But the most harrowing feature in the drama was the despairing expression with which Aunt Jerusha persisted in reiterating the words: "I would resign myself to the loss of all, if I had only saved my precious watch!"

The heart of Peleg fairly bled, and he registered a solemn vow. Availing himself of a temporary lull in the

prevailing Babel of tongues, he approached close to his friend's bedside, and gravely said: "Mrs. Wiggins!—Jerusha!—I pledge you the word of a man who has all his life been true to you, that I shall never rest until the treasure which you mourn so much is restored."

Aunt Jerusha felt in her inmost heart that the crisis had arrived when she would have to surrender. She held out her hand to the faithful friend and looked at him with eyes so overflowing with affection that Peleg's pulse rose to a fever-heat. "I accept your pledge, Peleg," she replied, solemnly, yet so softly that he alone heard her words. "I will regard your success in this matter as the will of Providence. That is, all my former scruples shall vanish if you recover my watch. You take my meaning?"

"I do," rejoined the little man, in an equally solemn but subdued tone; and, almost beside himself with joy, he raised the blushing Jerusha's hand respectfully to his lips.

As half the gossips of the neighborhood witnessed this innocent act of gallantry, we can see no reason to conceal it from the reader.

It becomes now the author's sad duty to relate how our heroine continued further to be persecuted by her malign star, and especially how the scandal-loving neighbors misconstrued the respectful salute imprinted on her hand by the devoted Peleg. It would, no doubt, be far more pleasant were we able to recover the lost watch at once, and follow these two loving hearts to the altar, and the end of the story; but, unfortunately, in this case again, the old adage that the "course of true love never does run smooth," was destined to be verified, and this will perhaps seem all the less strange when we remember that Aunt Jerusha was born to unhappiness.

What mortal man could do under these perplexing circumstances, little Peleg Brent most certainly did. Without stopping to take breakfast, he

started for the nearest railroad depot; for the reader will recollect that the ruffians had alluded to the early train. He telegraphed in every direction; sent full descriptions of the stolen articles, and especially of the watch, to the police authorities; offered large rewards; and had the story published, not only in the local papers, but in all the larger city dailies of the country. All this trouble and expense seemed, however, thrown away. A large number of suspicious-looking individuals, with bristly beards, slouched hats and shabby clothes, were discovered and arrested, but to none of them could be brought home the theft of the treasure on whose discovery depended the happiness of two loving souls.

It will thus be readily seen that it still remained an open question whether or not heaven had really predestined Aunt Jerusha and little Peleg for one another.

"Perhaps this question may never be solved on earth!" Aunt Jerusha often said to herself with a sigh. Fortunately she possessed an elastic nature,—and then Peleg, who never ceased to hope that all would be right yet, was always at hand to console his friend when disposed to despond.

This consolation and support had now become doubly necessary to her, for while suffering all the tortures of suspense, her position had in other respects grown very embarrassing and delicate. The fact is—nor can we, in spite of our partiality for Aunt Jerusha, deny it—she had been guilty of a very grave indiscretion: that is, she had actually admitted Peleg Brent into her house as a lodger.

The arrangement had been brought about in a perfectly natural manner. When Peleg reported the ill success of his efforts to trace the robbers, Aunt Jerusha was still so filled with terror at the recollection of the events which that terrible night had brought with it, that she was hardly in her right mind.

"The ruffians are sure to return," she repeated again and again, with

tears, "and then I shall be murdered!" The mere thought of living through such another night was more than she could bear, and she constantly appealed to Peleg to protect her, adding, "You are the only person on whose devotion I can rely."

Peleg had thereupon proposed to ask old James, a superannuated constable, to take up his quarters in the basement story. But old James happened to wear a bristly beard, and this sufficed to disqualify him for the position in Aunt Jerusha's present nervous state. Finally, after several fruitless consultations, the difficulty was settled. When the sun went down, Peleg himself moved, bag and baggage, into the back parlor.

Our pen falters to describe the sensation to which this event gave rise in the town—how Aunt Jerusha's friends and neighbors put their heads together, snickered, and talked scandal.

"Little Peleg," said one, "has hired himself out as dwarf to tall Jerusha."

"No," replied another, "it is as page, to stand sentinel over the bed with a six-shooter."

"Not so," put in a third, "Jerusha has adopted him, and that is the reason he kissed her hand the other day."

The scandal-mongers might perhaps have wagged their wicked tongues without doing serious harm, but for some dear souls who made it their special business to repeat all these malicious remarks to Jerusha. Though they were pricks of the pin, they nevertheless were mighty to gall, and became at last so frequent as to be unbearable, and to induce their victim to withdraw more and more from the ill-natured world. Nor was this, under existing circumstances, a great sacrifice. Her diamonds, which had once made Aunt Jerusha's position in society so enviable and distinguished, were gone. So even when the evenings grew longer, and hardly a week passed without bringing some invitation, she resolutely stayed

at home. Nor was she now any longer so lonely there. When the clock on the mantelpiece struck eight, came a gentle knock at the door of her sitting-room up-stairs, and then entered the faithful Peleg. The two took tea together, after which the lady sewed or embroidered, while the gentleman smoked a cigar and chatted. When Jerusha was more than usually low in spirits, Peleg would read aloud from some entertaining work.

In this wise the winter went by. Spring came; but this perennial bearer of joy appeared to bring to Aunt Jerusha nothing save "withered leaves and withered hopes." Even Peleg's society appeared to lose its wonted effect, and his reading its interest. Her eye grew dimmer and dimmer, her walk more listless, and even her once so upright form seemed to bend under the burden of her grief. Whether it was the lost watch for which she pined away, or a yearning for the rosy chains of Hymen, will probably have to remain forever hidden from human ken; for who is capable of fathoming the depths of a woman's heart?

Poor Peleg was fairly at his wits' ends. He vainly taxed his ingenuity to discover some means to dissipate his friend's melancholy. The weather was still too cold for a visit to the Springs. At last a happy thought inspired him.

He pretended that urgent business demanded his presence in New York, and proposed to Aunt Jerusha to accompany him. There were a thousand things worth seeing in the huge metropolis. She would be able—he cunningly urged—to shop to her heart's desire, and thus find a rare opportunity to put her great gift at making good bargains to practical and profitable use. At any rate, the trip would cheer her up!

After a few scruples and some persuasion, she consented to the plan. To avoid, however, all additional scandal, she decided to take Tabitha

with her, who received the news with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

The main objection to the journey having thus been happily removed, the preparations for it immediately began; the house was put in order, and confided to the charge of James, the private constable. The trio set out in the best of spirits, and arrived in due time, safe and sound, in the great city, trunks, travelling-bags, bandboxes and all.

It was a bright sunny April day, when Aunt Jerusha, escorted by her friend and protector, ventured to plunge into the human tide which surges up and down Broadway. She looked very grand and stately in her new bonnet, the masterpiece of a fashionable milliner on Fifteenth street, which she wore with the air of a queen. In perfect keeping with the bonnet were her costly cashmere shawl and ample silk dress, which was advantageously displayed over a voluminous crinoline. Whether it was the change of air, or the whisper of a secret premonition which already began to exert a magical influence, she certainly looked with a long unknown love of life upon the stirring scene before her. Her interest was keenly excited in all she saw and all that surrounded her. She would have liked to purchase something in almost every other store; but this being impossible, she contented herself with simply stopping to ask the prices.

At the corner of Canal and Broadway, a broken-down omnibus obstructed the crossing, and compelled our friends to stop. While thus brought to a stand-still, and while little Peleg Brent endeavored with more zeal than success to prevent her being jostled by the constantly-increasing crowd, two rough-looking fellows elbowed their way close up to Jerusha. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, a bristly beard covered the lower part of their faces, and forehead and eyes were obscured by slouched



hats. Suddenly they paused. Pointing to the tall lady in rustling silk before them, one of the men punched his comrade in the side, and muttered with a hideous chuckle:

*"What is woman without crinoline?"*

Aunt Jerusha shook like a leaf. Turning round with a ghastly face to look at the speaker, a faint moan, and the words—"the men who took my watch!"—escaped her lips.

Faint as the voice was in which these words were uttered, Peleg nevertheless caught them up, and in an instant he clung to the men, shouting at the top of his shrill voice for the police!

It was not of the slightest use that the surprised ruffians struck out frantically right and left. Assistance came from all sides. The fellows were quickly secured and marched off to

the nearest police station. Equally useless proved all their protests and denials, for, miraculous as it may appear, the diamond watch was actually found on the person of one of the ruffians, carefully sewed up in his ragged vest.

Little remains to be said. The old doubts about the will of heaven were now completely laid at rest. Aunt Jerusha and Peleg, accompanied by the faithful Tabitha, returned home, and a few days afterwards the blessing of the church made the twain one flesh and blood. As for ourselves, we trust the gentle reader will profit by this instructive story, and never join those who deride that wonderful institution, the Crinoline; for its mission is not only to serve beauty but to punish wickedness and to unite loving hearts.

W. P. MORRAS.

## LIBERTY AND AUTHORITY.

THE history of civilization is largely occupied with the quarrel between liberty and authority. In the earlier days the advantage was wholly on the side of authority. The conception of liberty as one of the inalienable rights of man, is comparatively a modern conception. Doubtless there never was a time when the excessive exercise of authority was not felt to be burdensome—when men did not feel that they were wronged if their liberty was greatly abridged; but in the earlier times this feeling did not find free expression. Then, authority on the one side and submission on the other was the rule; and the revolutions that took place did not result in the substitution of liberty for authority, nor even in the enlargement of liberty, but in the exchange of one authority for another.

In the household, the father was the

autocrat; he never thought of assigning a reason to a command; his will was to be obeyed whether it were reasonable or unreasonable. The one great lesson of the household was the lesson of submission to authority.

In the state the ruler was absolute; his will was the only law. The first governments were patriarchal or personal; the strongest man ruled because he could impose his will upon the rest. Some regard was paid to descent, but hereditary rights would not go for much in the presence of a stronger will.

Following the course of human events through the ages, we perceive that authority gradually loses ground, and that liberty is steadily enlarged and confirmed. One by one the prerogatives of the rulers are taken away; and what is taken from the people governing is given to the people

governed. Coming down to our own time, we find authority reduced in many places to a minimum; it is all liberty now, and the feeling seems to be that the days of restraint are wholly gone by. In the household the father is no longer the autocrat; his office in most cases seems to be merely that of the commissary; he furnishes the supplies to the children, who have taken the reins of government into their own hands.

In the state, theories of liberty are becoming universal. In some countries—our own for example—by the political constitution the people are the rulers; the legislators, the magistrates, and even the judges are the servants of the people. In many of those countries which in form and theory are monarchical, Great Britain for example, the authority of the nominal ruler amounts to very little. The Queen of England serves only as a respectable and costly figure-head for the government; practically, her influence in the enactment and enforcement of laws and the choice of governmental policies is almost nothing at all.

Thus we see that a great change has taken place since the earliest times in the relation of these two antagonistic principles; that whereas authority was once well-nigh supreme and liberty had hardly a name to live, now liberty is become sovereign and authority is fast disappearing. This tendency of our time is greatly rejoiced in by the multitude. And yet it is by no means impossible that in rushing away from one extreme we may rush into another. The evils of too much authority have been seen in the past; can it be that the people of this age are to afford to those who shall come after us, an illustration of the evils of too much liberty? Without at all assenting to the conclusions of the Ecumenical Council, we may safely inquire whether liberty may not be given to people who are not fit to use it; whether the exercise of a just and

beneficent authority may not yet find place among our methods of administration.

It is easy to see that authority may be excessive. That is a conclusion to which we in this land are quite ready to come. You may hear in the political caucuses of either party plenty of denunciation of tyrants—of absolute government—of irresponsible authority—of all the mischiefs indeed which we know nothing about except by hearsay. The practice of denouncing the sins of former times or of remote nations, is not confined to the pulpit. Our politicians are quite as much addicted to it as our parsons. No political meeting is ever held on this continent in which the abuses of despotism, that do not touch us at all, are not thoroughly aired and berated. But the abuses of liberty—how about these? That is a topic of which the politicians are shy. Yet we are suffering even now through the abuses of liberty, and will suffer even more in the future. It is not because the restraints are too many that the land mourns, but because they are too few. Anarchy, not tyranny, threatens our peace. This being the case, would it not be quite as sensible for our politicians to attack the ills we have, instead of flying at others that we know not of—to withdraw their fire from the old scarecrow of despotism, which has already been so effectually riddled that it will not stand without propping, and bring it to bear upon the real live danger of license and lawlessness?

The difficulty is, however, that very few of the politicians have conceived of any danger arising out of liberty. That they regard as one of those good things of which there cannot by any possibility be too much. The abuses of liberty, they are fond of saying, are corrected, not by taking it away, but by enlarging it. If people make a bad use of liberty, that is no reason why you should withdraw it from them or refuse it to others; it is rather a reason why you should continue it to them

and extend it to others; for by possessing it, and only by possessing it, men at length learn rightly to use it. This is the argument by which the present tendencies of politics toward the complete demolition of all restraints affecting individuals is justified and approved.

I am not unwilling to admit that within certain limits the argument is valid. But it is far from being of universal application. If a nation were perfectly wise and good, its liberties could not be too much enlarged. Among such a people all restraints might be safely abandoned; the individuals, being each a law unto himself, would need to be under no authority. But with equal truth it might be said that if a ruler were perfectly wise and good, too much authority could not be given him. If we could secure for this land a ruler perfectly wise and good and all-powerful, we could not do better than to make him perpetual autocrat. Such a ruler would not, of course, interfere with the real liberties of any of his subjects; would not hinder but would by all wise means forward individual as well as national development. Under such a ruler there would certainly be restraint, and plenty of it; evil doers would be hampered in many ways; those who get their living by corrupting others would soon find their occupation gone; many of those who now occupy a large space in the public attention would have an opportunity to enjoy the seclusion they have so well earned in the penitentiary. But since liberty to do wrong is not true liberty, the rigorous restraints imposed by such a ruler upon evil doers could not destroy, but would secure, the liberties of the people. Good men would find the government of an autocrat who had perfect wisdom and goodness, no burden to them; and they would never desire for a moment that a particle of his authority should be withdrawn. God is the only perfectly absolute sovereign; and I do

not know that any wise person desires to have His government in any way weakened, or supposes that the universe would be more wisely ruled by universal suffrage. If a government is only perfectly wise and beneficent, no matter how strong it is—the stronger the better.

As a matter of fact, however, there is no such government. There is no father whose judgment is never at fault; there is no king whose will is always the will of God. For this reason we do well to limit authority, to guard vigilantly against its abuses. It is not well for a parent to assume what the law gives him—despotic power in the management of his household; authority he must have, but he should exercise it sparingly. The chief magistrate of a people, whether he is called king or president, must have some discretionary power and must not be afraid to take the responsibility; but because of the fallibility of human judgment, it is well that he should be hedged about with many limitations of his prerogative.

Authority is not necessarily an evil: if those who exercise it were just what we could wish them to be, we could not give them too much of it; but since men are not perfect they are liable to abuse it, and therefore we do not believe in absolute human rulers either in the state or in the household.

But precisely the same reason that leads us to deny absolute authority to men, should lead us, it would seem, to deny them unlimited liberty. Are they not as likely to abuse one as the other? For certain classes of persons, liberty is good; for other classes, restraint is better. It is sometimes said that the world is governed too much. That is not universally true. Some parts are governed too much, and other parts too little. Austria is governed too much, and America too little; and in every country the wise and good are governed too much, and scoundrels and fools too little.

All will allow that absence of restraint is not good for some classes of persons. For young children, liberty to do whatever they please would not be a blessing. The authority of the parents, wisely administered, is for them a good thing. It could hardly be said of them that if they made a bad use of liberty the remedy would be to give them more liberty. The plan of the Creator seems to be that the wisdom of parents should be exercised to direct the conduct of children. Of course children learn a great deal by observation and experience; by suffering the consequences of their own sins and blunders, they will gain much wisdom; but unless they have some other instruction and direction than that which they receive from Nature they will be more likely to go down than up. As children grow older the personal authority of their parents must be gradually withdrawn. Having given such guidance as was possible during the years of childhood, the parents must steadily enlarge the liberty of their children, and substitute for authority reason and influence; but it is quite plain that an entire absence of restraint in the family would be ruinous to the children.

In the state, too, all will agree that certain classes of persons ought to be restrained. Criminals—all persons who have no respect for the rights of others—should be deprived of their liberty. There is a difference of opinion as to the object for which this punishment is inflicted, some contending that it is exemplary, others that it is reformatory; but there is no difference of opinion as to the fact that there is a large class of persons in every community to whom it is unsafe to give liberty—who must either for the good of society or for their own good be kept in confinement.

But are there not other persons, not criminals, who ought to be controlled in their conduct by government, both

for their own good and for the good of society? Take the case of persons who are injuring themselves: may they not be restrained, when it is possible, by the authority of the state from such suicidal practices?

It may be said that no man can injure himself without at the same time injuring others—that, as in the conception of Paul, as one bound together in one body, every one members one of another, if one member suffer, whether by his own act or the act of another, all the other members suffer with him; and therefore to protect itself against damage society may restrain a man from injuring himself. This, however, will be denied by some philosophers. "When," says Mr. Mill, "by conduct of this sort a person is led to violate a *distinct and assignable obligation* to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation, in the proper sense of the term." "Wherever, in short, there is a definite damage or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty and placed in that of morality or law. But with regard to the merely contingent, or, as it may be called, constructive injury which a person causes to society by conduct which neither violates any specific duty to the public nor occasions perceptible hurt to any assignable individual except himself, the inconvenience is one which society can afford to bear for the sake of the greater good of human freedom."\*

Right at the end of this paragraph I would put my interrogation point. May it not be sometimes right to interfere with persons who are doing no definite or assignable damage to anybody but themselves? Should not the virtue and intelligence of every land be directed, always in the way of influence, and sometimes in the way of authority, to restrain people from doing

\* Mill on Liberty, pp. 136, 138.

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wrong, even when the wrong inflicts no definite damage upon anybody but themselves, and to compel them to do right, even when the doing right accrues directly to their own advantage and only indirectly to the advantage of society?

It is quite within the province of the law, for example, to compel the attendance of all the children of the state at school. The state should not allow to any of its citizens the liberty of growing up in ignorance. The ignorance of the citizen injures himself directly; the damage which it inflicts upon society is not one of those definite and appreciable kinds of damage of which Mr. Mill speaks; yet for his own sake, and not less for the sake of society, he should be forbidden to grow up in ignorance.

Another striking example of the way in which law may interfere to protect people against their own shortsightedness and folly is afforded by the Factory Legislation of England. Fifty years ago it was discovered that in their unrestricted freedom of labor the factory operatives of England were destroying themselves by excessive and poorly remunerated toil. Their wretched condition excited the pity of men in the higher ranks, and a movement was set on foot which resulted, after much debate, in greatly restricting by legal enactment the freedom of labor. Certain classes of these operatives were permitted to work only a specified number of hours per day, and certain others were forbidden to work at all. Against this legislation there was strenuous opposition. "Some of the ablest men in Parliament," says the Duke of Argyll, "who were wholly unaffected by any bias of personal interest, declared that nothing could induce them to interfere with the labor which they called 'free.'"<sup>\*</sup> Their theory was that these poor people, if left to themselves, would finally see the folly of the course they were pursuing, and would

demand for themselves shorter hours and better wages. But the truth was that the operatives had sunk into a condition so abject that they were neither able to comprehend nor to secure their rights. If they were ever to be lifted up, it must be by some power above them. From this miserable condition, the governing classes of England—to their honor be it spoken—interposed to rescue them. When liberty was destroying them, authority stepped in and saved them.

Even now there are political theorists who hesitate to approve this beneficent interference. "The fact of such legislation has indeed gained a sort of legal acquiescence, and some of the old opponents have admitted that their fear of the result in an economical point of view has proved erroneous. But there is still no clear and well-founded intellect and perception of the deep foundation of principle on which it rests." "When, however, we think for a moment of the frightful nature of the evils which this legislation has checked, and which to a great degree it has remedied, \* \* we shall be convinced that if during the last fifty years it has been given to this country to make any progress in political science, that progress has been in nothing happier than in the Factory Legislation. The names of those who strove for it, and through whose faith and perseverance it was ultimately carried, are, and ever will be, in the history of politics, immortal names. No Government and no Minister has ever done a greater—perhaps all things considered, none has ever done so great a service."<sup>\*</sup>

But it may be said that in both the examples named the law interferes only in the cases of women and children; that it is only children who are compelled to attend school; and that the Factory Legislation of England applies only to women and children. Women and children, it may be said, are in some sense the wards of the

\* The Reign of Law, p. 352.

\* The Reign of Law, p. 364.

state, and therefore the state may direct their conduct. But I am unable to understand why, if the government may restrict the liberties of women and children for their good, it may not also restrict the liberties of men for the same reason. If a woman may be prohibited from working in a factory more than a certain number of hours in a day, why may not a man? The working women, as a general rule, are about as intelligent as men, and as much inclined to look out for their own interests. Why should they be restricted by law any more than men? Should not all the ignorant and helpless members of society, whether male or female, be considered as the wards of the state, and should not the power of the state be employed, whenever it is possible, to restrain them from self-destruction, and to lead them in the ways of prosperity and virtue?

The regulations which are enforced by law in the railway stations of Europe, by which no person is allowed to pass into or out of the cars while they are in motion, and by which persons in various other ways are protected against their own stupidity and rashness, is another instance in point. Is not such legislation as this a just and beneficial exercise of authority?

I am aware that the principle for which we are contending is liable to be abused. There is danger, if the principle is conceded, that the state may interfere too much with the liberties of its citizens — may carry this protective legislation into matters which had far better be left to the discretion of the individual; but the doctrine is not invalidated by its abuses, and a prudent application of it may help in the solution of some of our own difficult problems of legislation.

In our treatment of the evil of drunkenness, for example, this principle may be found to apply. It is the sale of liquor toward which our legislation has been ostensibly direct-

ed. Our license laws have been intended to regulate and restrain, and our prohibitory laws to prevent, the sale of intoxicating liquor. The advocates of stringent legislation on this subject have always made haste to deny the charge of interference with the personal liberty of others. "We are not trying to prevent the drinking of liquor," they protest; "we only seek to prevent the selling of it." But this is not much better than a quibble. It is the use of intoxicating liquors that these laws really mean to restrain. And I do not see why we have not a right to prevent the use of intoxicating liquor by legislation, if we can. We may deny to a child the right to grow up in ignorance; we may deny to a woman the right to destroy her health by overwork in a factory; we may deny to a man the right to break his neck by leaping upon a railway train which is in motion; why may we not deny to the multitudes who are the victims of intemperate habits the right to ruin themselves by the use of strong drink? Fifty or sixty thousand human beings are destroyed by intemperance in this land every year. May not the good men of the nation, looking upon this terrible evil, resolve not only that they will use every moral instrumentality within their power to persuade these unfortunate persons to abandon the habit that is ruining them, but also that they will by force of law, if need be, interfere to prevent them from destroying themselves?

These suggestions concerning the relations of liberty and authority are made with some hesitation, but in the faith that there is a principle involved which has been too much overlooked in our political theorizing, and in the hope that what has been said may lead others to a careful examination of the question proposed. Concerning liberty, the popular notions have been altogether incoherent. We have suffered men not only to injure themselves, but to rob and wrong their neighbors without protest, in our fear

that we should somehow interfere with their liberty if we tried to prevent it. We have not always clearly apprehended the fundamental principle of morality and government, that no man has a right to do wrong—neither to his neighbor nor to himself; that liberty to do evil is not liberty, in the true sense of the word; and that no man's rights are restricted when he is prevented from doing evil.

Of authority we have had an endless fear. If the good find power in their hands, let them know that it is committed to them that it may be wielded in behalf of truth and right. It is not for them to hold an even

balance between good and evil in society; the sword which they bear is to be cast into the scale for good. The intelligence and virtue of the nation ought to control the nation—not only by the instrumentalities of truth and love to persuade the ignorant and vicious to do right, but also by sterner means to hinder them when it is possible from doing wrong. Truth and justice should come to our children and our ignorant neighbors with authority as well as with persuasion; righteousness should clothe itself not only with beauty, but also with power.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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### TWO PILGRIMS.

A STORMY sky, a rugged road;  
A pilgrim, worn and weather-stained,  
With every muscle nerved and strained  
To bear along his heavy load.

Another traveller passes by:  
A youthful form, a fair young face;  
A rider, full of ease and grace,  
On whom no heavy burdens lie.

For one short moment side by side  
They onward press to reach the height;  
But fast descend the shades of night,  
And one must walk, while one may ride.

And if the rider first shall gain  
The height, and reach the longed-for prize,  
Oh, let us not for this despise  
The one who struggled on in pain.

For inspiration's help to win,  
To all alike may not be given;  
But those who gain through strife their heaven,  
Will hear no less God's "enter in."



## ALONG THE ROUTE.

AT 8 o'clock, A. M., we walked into the depot with that peculiar step one naturally takes who feels sure of being on time and no mistake. The newspapers said with characteristic reliability: "Cars leave for the East at 8.54." Upon this bit of intelligence we rested our faith. Unlike a great many fidgety women, we did not rush excitedly after every one, and ask, "When will the Eastern train leave, Sir?" but in a dignified manner took possession of the great empty "Ladies' Room," and, quiescent, bided our time.

A feeling savoring strongly of depravity pervaded us, as we saw the long rows of yellow chairs yet unoccupied by travellers; a feeling of self-complacency mingled with contempt for those who would undoubtedly be left. For an American to be left by anybody or anything, is a disgrace. Reared and educated on the high-pressure principle, buoyed and borne onward by the universal sense of hurry, he must struggle hard to resist, who remains behind. Society will forgive a man who has won fortune or fame, if his career have spots on it as dark and inexplicable as those on the sun. Enough that he has reached the summit while it is yet morning. "Slow coaches," substantially made, and warranted to last like the wonderful "one-hoss shay," "a hundred years to a day," are not to the liking of fast people; far better the light trotting buggy, which, though it can carry but little weight, yet rolls to the goal with astonishing swiftness!

8.30, and the "ticket-of-leave" man stood behind the sieve-like partition, looking at me, sitting solitary by the window, very much as Poe must have regarded the raven which perched and sat and nothing more. I did not like his face—it had a "you-ought-to-

know-better" expression, quite supercilious and searching. He seemed to over-estimate railroad knowledge, as if he had acquired it by hard study, by virtue of which he had a perfect right to snub any one less wise asking information. Finding the silence and his glances somewhat oppressive, I arose from my uncomfortable position, and, with a business-like manner foreign to my nature (being a woman) demanded a ticket for Cleveland.

"Cars have been gone two hours," said the thoroughly disgusted agent.

"Been gone two hours, did you say, Sir?" I asked in astonishment.

"That is what I said, Madam," (no chaff of words, when one has a sifting apparatus so handy,) "and you are left!" he added with emphasis, seeing I did not comprehend the situation.

I produced the newspaper, as if it could make him recall his words and recall the cars, and read triumphantly: "Trains leave for the East at 8.54 A. M." A drowning man never clutched a straw with more hope and faith than I did that one item.

"We changed time on all the roads this morning, and you cannot leave until five in the afternoon."

He spoke so like one having authority, that I did not feel like pressing my claims upon his consideration; so, after a sharp short struggle with the inevitable, I sat down defeated. What a pitiless face Fate turned towards me that moment! "You will reach Cleveland in the night, long after the meeting has adjourned," it said grimly. "You will be at much extra expense, and you are now on the verge of bankruptcy," it hissed. "You will not meet a single friend on the way thither as you expected," it whispered, as a parting benediction. Oh, if that inexorable power called Fate had only

been a thing of flesh and blood, I would have crushed it in my desperate strength!

A depot in the country is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. So far as comfort is concerned, it might as well be a wooden umbrella, with "Gentlemen's Room" on one side of the handle, and "Ladies' Room" on the other, and over both a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. If you are cold, you can stand by the tall rusty stove in the centre of the room, whose fire blazes in your face sublimely indifferent to the needs of the feet. If you are cold and tired too, still you must stand, for against the walls the chairs are ranged like a reserve corps or forlorn hope, for you to fall back upon when no longer able to keep to the front. Will some one tell us the necessity there is of fastening those chairs together, as if they were a gang of criminals? Their aspect is not villainous, though hard and unyielding; while their outstretched arms, mutely imploring help or companionship, must excite pity for their fixed condition. If there is anything in the economy of depot house-keeping that calls for such a severe chair-regime, will not the genius of the place make at least the stove movable, and also build a fire in its basement!

And again, I must protest against the kind of reading-matter furnished the depot prisoner—nothing but advertisements. My memory will hold forever the assets and liabilities of the *Æna Insurance Company*. The figures are burned in by the terrible volcano after which it is named. I read them at least one hundred times, and the President and Cashier of that company are like familiar friends. The shortest and most comfortable route to New York, Pan-Handle versus Broad Gauge, the best lines through which to ship live stock, Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, etc., were among the notices I read, if not with enthusiasm, with a quiet persistence born of despair. Patent medicine

men contribute largely to depot literature. One can learn the names of every disease flesh is heir to, from patrician gout to plebian fits, and the sure cures for each, vouched for by an "Hon." or a "Rev." "whose sands of life are nearly run out," and respectable untitled men and women, who for the last thirty or forty years have been "hovering on the brink of the grave," and were snatched away in the nick of time, by Drake, Brandeth, or Ayer. The greatest fact to be borne in mind, and the one indeed upon which depends one's restoration to health, is, "*Beware of Imitations*;" which advice, being as good for a sound as an unsound person, I wear as a phylactery.

Noon came at last, and found me dinnerless and comfortless, still watching the minute hand of the clock, slowly pacing off the time. Did you ever notice that the first twenty-five minutes of an hour were almost interminable to one impatiently watching them? It is as if Time dreaded to begin another hour—as if it understood that many human destinies would then be decided, and it shrank from hastening their doom,

"Whoa-oa-a!" rang out on the stillness, and my reverie was abruptly broken off. Full of breezy life caught on the prairies, came a hale old farmer and his daughters, bound for Pittsburgh. Suddenly the whole room seemed awakened! The chairs struggled fiercely to be free; *Ætna* burned on the wall with new fury; the fire blazed up suddenly—and it was well it did, for the first act of the old gentleman was to eject into its very heart juice enough to have extinguished a less pretentious flame. What lungs that man had! How loud his tones were in addressing his daughters, and how they answered back! "From peak to peak rattled the live thunder."

"Got your ticket, Pap?" said the ruddy-cheeked Annie.

"No, 't aint to be had till that air-door like a corn-popper led is opened.

Do things by rule here, these yer railroaders. I say, what time is it, Mister What's-ye-name?"

"Can't you see, Sir?" answered the agent, chary of his words, as if they were diamonds.

"Need n't be so peart," replied the cheerful old man. "I can see, but I thought mebbe your clock had run down, for it must be well nigh time we's off, and I don't hear no whistle yet, and the 'bus aint in sight nuther."

"Which way are you going?"

"Why, you see, me and my girls, these two,—Annie, she's oldest and as like her mother as two peas, and Prudence, and there are them that says she's like me,—why, we are goin' to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvany, where more coal is"——

"Yes, yes, that train went at nine this morning, and the next one for you to take will be here at ten to-night. We changed time on all this road this morning."

"The deuce! Why did n't you say so, when I first came in? Then we could a rid back, and tried it over to-morrer. Aint there no other train, a freight or suthin, goin' that way afore ten?"

"No, Sir—no other train."

"Well girls, we aint the wust off of anybody in the world!" said the uncomplaining farmer. "We've got our supper with us, and I reckon Bologna 'll taste as good here as anywhere."

The very mention of Bologna sausage whetted my appetite beyond endurance. I was so lost to all sense of rectitude, that my mind conceived various plans by which I could stealthily abstract a half-yard of that questionable compound, beloved of Germans. So demoralizing is a sojourn in a country depot!

Misfortunes, like joys, have an end. Punctually at five the train I had waited for so long came in puffing and whistling in as animated style as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. We were soon whisked out of sight of

the dreariest of depots, past log-houses in whose open doors portly matrons and assorted children were wedged, through cornfields deserted by all but vagabond winds, over swamps in which yellow tangled grasses and naked shrubs herded together like hopeless exiles, by woods haunted by deer and hunters, into villages which seemed to turn their backs toward us, halting at "way-stations" on whose platforms gathered the ragged urchin and tinselled loafer to see the cars for the ten-thousandth time,—till at last Crestline sprung into sight, as if scared from its nest.

"One hour for supper!" shrieked a voice out of the darkness.

"Good luck at last!" I murmured. For the first time, a bill of fare seemed within my comprehension. Its short pithy sentences I felt competent to digest without any wearisome thought. Like a demon summoning mortals to a banquet in some sulphurous limbo, the gong sounded.

"That music's got influenza!" said a jocose youth.

"Who can eat after such an infernal invitation?" ventured a cadaverous individual, whose ponderous jaws made the question quite superfluous.

"I shall try to worry down some!" remarked a third, who had evidently reached Shakspeare's fifth stage of man; and so we entered the dining-room, like undisciplined troops, on a foraging expedition.

"Pay as you enter, if you please, Sir," from the urbane clerk at the door, soon changed the ravaging aspect of the little army, and the colored commanders of the premises waved us into place.

"Tables on the European plan" are doubtless delightful to lovers, but not pleasant to strangers. If your *vis-à-vis* happens to be more dainty than hungry, if he dallies with the viands with high-bred moderation, he is not objectionable, neither does he seem grossly material. But if he is too starved to be punctilious, if his

knife and fork and spoon change places with unconscious rapidity, until one sees only "dissolving views," the spectacle is far from agreeable, and "the little lower than the angels" appears little above the savage. It was my fortune to sit opposite a hat, whose brim out-quakered any within my knowledge. I say, opposite a hat—for save the regular rise and fall of a patriarchal beard, which seemed to belong to this same head-gear, no one would have suspected a face dwelt in its shadow. A coat immoderately long, and starred with dazzling buttons, took its rise also in the same hat, and flowed in one unbroken stream of cloth till it reached the floor, where it spread out like a fan, to the amusement and inconvenience of the "rear-guard."

Emerson says "Every material thing has its celestial side." It was very probable that this strange attire had a spiritual meaning—a celestial lining. Just so sure as a man or woman has any peculiar kink in his or her theology, it shows itself in their respective dress. Why anything so divine can be recognized by clothes, purely earthly, is a problem for Teufelsdröckh to solve. One cannot swear to the personal identity of a Republican or Democrat; but for the odor of asafoetida or valerian, one could not distinguish the doctor in a crowd; and if the lawyer would wear a less bird-of-prey look, he might pass unsuspected of his vocation. But who cannot tell an Episcopal or Catholic priest at sight? Who fails to detect a Campbellite, Quaker, Presbyterian, or Methodist? What sympathy is there between creeds and clothes, Paradise and fig-leaves, that the one suggests the other? Does anybody know?

"May I ask if you are a Quaker, Sir?" (an exaggerated form of Friend, I longed to say.)

"Certainly," he answered, at the same time taking off his hat, which left him fearfully bareheaded, the smooth crown glistening like the but-

tons. "I do not belong to that body—I am a — Mennonite." The adjective was washed down by the soup, and I lost it; but no doubt it was Pedo or Seven-day or pre-Millenarian. Plants have no more divisions than sects, and in failing to catch the particular class to which my opposite belonged, I also failed to learn the spiritual significance of his outer garments.

"I belong to the same," softly murmured a voice at my side—it was the voice of a woman. She did not wish to be ignored, and I had quite overlooked her. Her hood and cloak gave no sign of the fashion of her faith. "*I suffer not a woman*," had doomed her to carnal attire, to such clothes as publicans and sinners wear. So long as she clung to the hat, beard, coat, and buttons, she would pass for a Mennonite; if left to herself, she might be Mormon or Calvinist. Said the good dame, whose thoughts ran close to the bare earth: "Do you believe in the washing of feet?"

"Most assuredly," was the reply; "and I regard it as a saving ordinance, too."

"Then you believe like we do."

"But you do not believe in the washing of each other's feet," interrupted the husband, who detected something in the voice not quite genuine.

"My belief has as yet not reached that extremity," was the response, intended to be affable; "but as everything I have entertained has had a downward tendency, no doubt this will at last reach the feet."

Then followed a discussion in which the writer was driven from one theological point to another, until she was convinced and converted; and had not the car-whistle summoned all on board, she would then and there have testified her readiness to sponge off the feet of sister disciples.

One need not feel lonely on the cars, nor stagnate for want of variety.

Beside the new faces coming and going, each one as interesting and readable as a book, there is the news-agent, who oscillates before you with the regularity of a pendulum. This individual is a wonderful necromancer; from impossible places he brings out unexpected treasures for head and stomach. From sensational illustrated books and papers, to ice-cream candies, "put up expressly for travellers, and sold only on this line, price ten cents and warranted to contain nothing deleterious,"—there is variety suited to individual taste and capacity. If a Micawber should chance to be among the passengers, this same inexhaustible fountain could furnish him shrimps in a trice, or a pair of twins for his never-deserting wife.

This ubiquitous agent is blind to the "eternal fitness of things." The good father-confessor finds "The Haunted Bride" lying by his side in yellow cover, which he eyes with holy horror; or a box of candies, in which there is also a prize, is thrown into his lap,—as if he had not long ago forsworn such trinkets as being the devil's own! The patrician dame, whose high-bred nose snuffs common things in the very air, is made the receptacle of peanuts beloved of ragamuffins and vulgar peasants. Yonder man might pass for a Benedict, had he not blushed and stammered and looked straight out of the window while the obtuse agent was blowing a baby's ivory whistle or descanting upon the beauty and convenience of a needle-case. Everybody can see he is a bachelor, except the blundering vendor, who tortures the bashful one until he inly vows to marry the first available girl. Be advised, thou embarrassed free-man, and "rather bear the ills you have, than fly to others that you know not of."

But for all these ups and downs, the persistent fellow is never discouraged. Sometimes he finds a customer who buys everything, through sheer good-nature. In front of us is one, though

it is not pure benevolence that moves him to-night. There is a bride in the case—a rural bride, whose face is as fresh and budding as May, and whose garments are as varied and bright as the hues of Autumn, with here and there a white pennant flying—an unmistakable sign of bridehood. Her little round mouth has hardly been shut since we left C—, and the new husband drops into the rosy cavity, sweetmeats, nuts, and raisins, with the air of a parent bird which says, "This is my robin, and my mouth to feed, and I'll do it or die!" There is tender solicitude in his fluttering, and much sweet chirping and happy nestling in return; and if the train were going headlong to destruction, it would be all the same to the blissful pair. That man laughing at the innocent play, has forgotten his honeymoon. His hair is frosty with age, and I am afraid his heart is frosty, too, else early memories would make him sympathetic and charitable. Oh, that the world had more "Innocents Abroad"!

"This yer basket's been to Europe," said a bright-eyed mulatto;—"been to Rome!" she added with emphasis, as if the Eternal City ought to bring astonishment into our faces.

It had the desired effect, and a trio of voices echoed, "To Rome?" "Tell us about it!" said a conceited chap, who informed us pompously that he had "done" Rome inside of a week, and that it was a big humbug!

The dusky-faced traveller said she was awfully disappointed in the place. "La! I 'sposed quick as I sot foot thar, wings would begin to grow out of my shoulders, 'twas such a heavenly place! But gracious! they're monstrous heathenish. But did n't I like France, though! The politest people I ever seed; and I told Miss Maggie, if I could n't git hold of their speech, I'd pitch into their manners, and I did too! The less I knowed what they said, the more I bowed and scraped; and when I went a shopping

I pintoed to what I wanted, and then, heel and toe like a dancin' master, and they understood me! I thought I should be a variety over thar,—but mercy on me! they did n't mind my black skin, but treated me as if I was Queen of Sheber! But I would jest like to know when and where them French folks sleep! Nobody has any perticular place—they go up and down stairs, eat on the sidewalks, and do everything kinder topsy-turvy like!"

"What were you there for?" queried one.

"I went with Miss Maggie, and she died thar by the Mediterranean. The doctor said 't want no use for her to go, but the poor dear would. She got it into her head that the South of France would cure consumption; but la! the New Jerusalem could n't make lungs out of nothin', and hers was clean gone. Oh, my poor honey! you went out just like a flower!" continued the sable mourner—"just like a sweet flower, from whence no weary traveller ever returns!" and sobs hushed her to stillness.

"Cleveland!—Change cars for the East!" and what else to do, was drowned in the tumult of a general up-rising, and a whirlwind of shawls, and an avalanche of bundles, boxes, and satchels. Down the steps into the mammoth depot, into a Pandemonium of voices: "Have a carriage, Miss?" "Ride up town in the omnibus, Madam?" "This hack will take you anywhere you wish to go, for fifty cents—give me your basket, step right this way!" said the undaunted Jehu, and basket and owner were thrust into his vehicle, the door shut,—when lo! a spindling man with thin voice, weak eyes, and an umbrella, loomed unexpectedly in the opposite corner, my sole companion! What short turns

that driver made! How my neighbor and I exchanged bows, each one ashamed of such spontaneous politeness! How my basket caught the spirit of the occasion, and dropping to the floor in an excess of good manners, spread its contents, as if it were a peddler exhibiting wares! By the fitful light of street lamps, we picked up the odds and ends of feminine apparel, neither asking questions for conscience' sake. When the last trifle was replaced, we raised our heads simultaneously, saluted each other in a manner wholly unpremeditated, both remarking in concert that "the weather was remarkable for this season of the year!"

Without a moment's warning, our hack was turned about, and backed with violence against the pavement in front of Kennard's. This unexpected concussion made our farewells extremely touching—tears and stars glistened in our four eyes; and thus we parted. Memory often recalls that uneasy ride, and wonder is expressed if he who shared it with me is still balancing to an invisible lady in a hack.

And so ended a ride of one hundred and fifty miles. It only needed a collision or a leap down an embankment to give a tragic look to what now seems comedy. And yet so far as personal feelings were concerned, they suffered complete demolition. Are not railroad companies responsible for such a catastrophe? Is it not as bad to have a great hope crushed as to have a leg broken? Cork can supply a missing member—crutches can prop up disabled bodies; but where is the cork or the crutch that can make good the day and its opportunity forever lost, by a "change of time on all the roads"?

MIRIAM M. COLL.

## OUR NEW POLITICS.

THE Administration of President Grant is entering upon the second half of its quadrennial term under conditions sufficiently new in our history to mark 1871 as the beginning of a new political period. The war is ended; the rebellious states have recovered their self-government; the great party names are taking on new meanings; large and strange problems are rising up to furnish the bases of the coming political parties.

A half-hour's thinking is enough to show any one the futility of attempting to read the political lesson of this day by the lights of the last decade or of any previous long or short period in our history. What could they know about the difficulties of public economy who watched over a treasury containing only sixpences? And what did ages that had no Fisks or Vanderbilts, no Northwesterns or Pacifics, no Elevators or Gold-Rooms, know of the management of monopolies? Once it was a maxim that when rogues fall out honest men come by their own; but who had in those days comprehended the cohesive power of public plunder? Once we thought competition a cure for all the robberies of trade; but our time sees competition issuing in combination confessed or tacit.

From the great railroads down to our butcher-shops, competition is now so successfully regulated by that very law of self-interest which was expected to induce Smith to go on underselling Johnson as long as grass grows and water runs, that we have reached and passed the point where gravitation, shifting, turns the other way, and competition increases the cost of the greater part of our necessities and of many luxuries. What could Adam Smith say to this? What Clay or Webster or Calhoun had gone deeply

enough into the laws of political society to show us some deeper rock than competition on which to build?

If we compare the Administration with its recent predecessors, at the same point in the quadrennial, this one has cause for the utmost cheerfulness. So far as the party names of the new members of the new Congress go, they become the mouth of a Republican President well enough; if he can still conjure with *Republicans*, he may safely indulge in the luxury of changing a cabinet officer every six months and discharging from his service every man who is suspected of greatness. If it be really true, as we half believe, that he has lost nothing in Motley, Wells, Hoar, Cox, Schurz, and Sumner: if San Domingo has cost him no adherents and Butler no friends, then this President is even greater in the cabinet than we thought him in the field.

There are many signs that the President, like Cæsar, is unhappy in the presence of men who think. There is not, so far as I can recollect, one man in the Republican party famed for thoughtfulness in political matters, who has not been mentioned by the press in Revenue Reforming lists, and some of the most distinguished leaders have exchanged blows with the White House.

There is no longer reasonable room for doubt that the removal of Mr. Motley was the President's reply to a speech of Sumner in secret session of the Senate, nor that this removal is a disgrace inflicted upon great learning and diplomatic ability. Nor can the removal of Mr. Wells (for it was practically a removal) be better explained than upon a similar theory. A President who can have so decidedly personal a policy as that developed by the San Domingo business, and



by half his appointments, is not likely to have suffered the loss of Mr. Wells' services if he had valued them. So, too, the vague generalities of the message cannot conceal, except from willingly-bandaged eyes, the thorough horror of Civil Service Reform which is distinctly expressed by the Secretary of the Treasury as a foil for the message. There is a theory that the President entered upon office with ideas of public reform which have been expelled from his brain by the failure of the people to support him. I conjecture that some such ideas were in the head of Secretary Rawlins, and that this singularly gifted manager did to some extent shape the administration towards beneficent reforms. But what the President himself thinks about all these matters is better shown by the purely personal character of his appointments from the first.

If President Grant possesses any political genius at all, it lies in Jacksonian arts and methods. And if he have none, which many stoutly hold, his military genius would lead him into a system closely resembling Jacksonianism. But whichever theory be held about his ability, it is certain that he has attempted to impose upon the Republican party a rigid discipline and sense of subordination to him as its head, very similar to that under which Jackson held the Democratic party. And the prospect of success is thought to be brighter because the public service is larger and the "spoils" every way greater.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Republican party cannot be so ruled; the effort to discipline it has created a rebel camp which threatens to capture the House of Representatives.

I have just used the word *lose*, in speaking of Sumner and others, by an instinctive recurrence to the old political vocabulary; but there is no sufficient evidence that any one of the gentlemen named in what would once

have been a list of absolute losses is not as good a Republican as the President. Their friends and their enemies unite in claiming their support for the Administration. I repeat, that if these and many other formal facts had no novel significance, we should all congratulate the President upon having added a second name to the list of men "First in War and First in Peace."

If to be a Republican means what it meant five years ago, or even one year ago, the President's policy will be cordially supported during the next two years by a sufficient majority in Congress, and he will close a happy term only to enter upon a second one under happy auspices.

But all this pleasing prospect is clouded by an *if* which has an unusually positive demurrer behind it. Well, what of it? Republican is at present a very vague and wide term, including several distinct pairs of antagonisms, some of which may be worded: Protection and Revenue Reform, San Domingo and Hayti, the President and the Senate, Civil Service Reform and Boutwellian Conservatism.

The persons who are found on opposite sides of these questions are for the most part so free to express their views and condemn their antagonists, that but for the political name to which all cling, and the roll-call for *ayes* and *nays* on many questions, you would not suspect them of belonging to the same party. And they do not. When Mr. Sumner names a speech on San Domingo *Naboth's Vineyard*, he strikes this Administration as he struck Buchanan's; and people who prize the heraldry of party must puzzle their brains to decide whether this immense genius, who fought for the Republican party's cause without fear and without reproach when the President was a contented soldier in the Democratic camp, be not the truer knight. That one is a Republican President, counts for nothing in this

peculiar party: so also was Andrew Johnson. The men who were in the enthusiastic minority which was led by Sumner, Schurz, Patterson, and their allies now and then, cannot be induced by the magic of that old name which then united them to transfer their faith to Grants, Drakes, and Butlers, merely because these last better represent an Administration elected under the same talismanic name.

The uncertainty of things is shown by the evident confusion and even dismay of those party journals which seek to impose upon their readers the old ideas of party.

Which king? "Of course the one in the White House." But there is no such *of course* about it; for two years ago the true king did not so much as visit that king. Which leader? "The regular nomination." And here things have a certain smoothness. But when two Richmonds take the field, somebody must decide between them. The President selects, guided by old party instincts, his Drake; and in twenty-four hours all the faithful journals are talking unkindly of Gratz Brown and Schurz.

One would suppose that the matter would end here. "Schurz is out of the party," says the faithful Republican voter; "it is a sad loss, but men are mortal;" when lo! the next morning, he finds Schurz's name among those of Senators who are expected to vote for the party measures of the President. He is puzzled, but consoled. Then San Domingo comes into the Senate, and Schurz votes as he pleases; and he is once more read out of the party. But our voter's wits are to be racked again; for the faithful party organ will presently publish a list of Republican and Democratic Senators, wherein faithful men will still read *Schurz* in golden letters in the right column.

To the faithful party organ, it is an unpardonable crime for a Republican to set himself up above all that is

called God in a party and run for Congress against the regular nominee; but no sooner is this bolter elected than his name too is set down in golden letters on the right side.

In general terms, all this means that just now the only test of Republicanism is the will of the President. The creed of the party has so little to say about any present issue, that any intellect is liable to wonder in selecting position. Equally sincere men get into antagonistic positions; and if the intellect of the President were appealed to, one could not expect an answer so wise and convincing as to silence all opposition. And so Senators, Representatives, Leaders, and Editors are asked to stand cap in hand before the White House, asking of its occupant, as their forerunners did of Jackson, "What is your will, Sir?" This policy has been applied to the Motley, Cox, Wells, Missouri, and San Domingo questions, with a degree of success. A fractional question is whether it will win in the end of the race, and whether it is worth much when applied to such a body of men as the voters of the Republican party. The safest judgment is that it can only serve to build up out of a part of the Republican party, and perhaps the larger half of the Democratic party, a new Jacksonian organization. Recent elections have shown that Democrats are capable of voting for regular against irregular Republican candidates; and it may be safely said, that the history of Republican splits on candidates will be that of Chicago: Republican bolters and Democrats together on the first bolt; Republican bolters alone on the second bolt, with Democrats and regular Republicans substantially united. The reasons for this are too numerous to be gone over here; let one general statement suffice.

The "loyal" Republicans, in a blind adhesion to the dictates of the President, represent a thoroughly democratic idea; and equally demo-

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cratic is the idea of absolutism in conventions. If, as the history of the last year seems to foreshadow, these ideas are to take the place of positive opinions on the largest questions of public interest, one may anticipate the disappearance of the identity of the Democratic party through a movement similar to that of Andrew Johnson, but more wisely guided by the Kelleys, Camerons and Butlers of the Republican loyalist camp.

This result would be the more easy to reach, because none of the loyalists who surround the throne were ever suspected of Puritanical scruples or rigid ideas of political morality. As party men to the core, as reckless speculators in party spoils, as organizers of the party down to the last school district and the humblest office, and as men looking to what will win the next election for a policy, the men now enthroned in the esteem of the President might, if they chose and played their cues with their old genius for luck, seize and rule the greater part of the Democrats.

All this, it is freely admitted, is contrary to the general expectation of an alliance between the Democratic party and the "disloyal" Republicans. The Missouri election was thought to have secured this union; and the supposed devotion of Democrats to a Free Trade policy is thought to make the alliance one of sympathy and opinion. I do not undertake to say that in outward appearance such a result cannot be brought about; but I believe that if the election lists are scrutinized after the alliance has been consummated, it will be found that the Democratic voters are mostly to be found in the other camp. The "disloyal" Republican party is full of incendiary ideas, and its members are as devoted to them as most of them were to Free Speech and Free Kansas. They are just such an infatuated minority as gathered around Sumner and Chase and Giddings;

and they are odious to the conservative instinct which unites the Democratic masses. Nor has the Democratic party any settled opinion on Revenue Reform. The struggle of twenty years ago had no sharply-defined relations to the principles involved, and Democrats loved the struggle and triumphed in it because they were on the Conservative side and because it was after all a struggle to get the spoils of office. This is the recollection which I retain of a time when I sang the rollicking songs of the Van Buren campaigns. But if all that were something different, it is easy to see that Free Trade has cut no figure in recent Democratic discussions. The Revenue Reform party is a Republican one; its organs are Republican newspapers; nine out of ten among its advocates are Republicans. And there are many signs that they will do in the next what they have done in this Congress, "go it alone" rather than play for stakes with Democratic partners.

There is much political uneasiness growing out of the silence which these disloyalists preserve in regard to their plans for next March. The next Congress will be organized by a "compromise" between the two Republican camps, which is not now probable; or it must be organized by an alliance of one or the other camp with the Democrats.

The exact strength of each of the three divisions cannot yet be told; but it is worthy of note that the Revenue Reformers claim a majority of the Republican members of the next Congress. If they have such a majority, the regular mode of proceeding would be the nomination of a Revenue Reformer for speaker in caucus, and his election by a strict party vote in the House. But it is not to be expected that the President who took pains to assail the Revenue Reformers in his last message, or the "loyalists" in the House, smarting under the defeat of some of their

friends in the late elections, will yield without a struggle the control of the House to those whom they style "the worst enemies of the Republican party." In spite, therefore, of the serenity which both camps profess, it is evident that a real, though perhaps disguised, struggle is soon to be made; and it is safe to predict that it will fairly launch us into our New Political Era.

There is no very great and decisive matter dependent upon the organization of the next House. The significant event is the readjustment of parties which has begun and must go on because the Republican party has passed the point where it was still possible to compromise the differences between the two camps of leaders and voters.

Nor does the impossibility of compromise lie altogether in those ideas of party loyalty which one part imposes and the other part repudiates. There is as sharp an antagonism upon some questions which must be voted upon. If it be true that no man ought to be taxed for the direct benefit of another man—this last not being a pauper—then it must be arrant nonsense to talk of protecting American industry by discriminating duties. The tariff, if adjusted solely to produce the most revenue, will not be high upon anything. For it is the low tariff which produces the most revenue. A prohibitory tariff might or might not protect American industry; but very certainly it would yield no revenue upon articles prohibited. That we need to raise much revenue, is really a reason for reducing all duties to or below twenty-five per cent. Now Congress can neither alter the tariff nor let it alone without calling out this sharp antagonism.

So also of the maxim, which is certainly a very common-sense one, that the materials which our industries use ought not to be burdened with a tariff. It takes coal, iron, steel, salt and wool off the list of protected articles. For

to one man engaged in their production, a hundred men, perhaps a thousand men, use them as the raw material of their industries. Any theory upon which these staples are taxed comes into such sharp collision with our maxim that no real compromise is possible.

Then there is our languishing or dead ship-building interest, which, after having been pampered into prosperity by a system of prohibition which required all American ships to be built in the United States, rushed into a fatal decline so soon as its materials were smitten with a high tariff. The ship-builders are in the lobbies crying out, "Take the duties off our materials, and we will build ships!" And what is annoying is that protectionists advocate the measure. For if we ought to do all our producing at home, it is not very apparent that ships are much needed. But the simplest inference from this case is, that if ships will be built at home when the materials that enter into them cease to be taxed, many other things will also be made at home in the same golden age.

Now, what compromise can there be between those who hold that our tariff is crushing American industry, and prove it by the frantic appeals of the ship-builders and the avowals of many other manufacturers, and those other men who hold that, by some process akin to raising yourself by the straps of your boots, the more an article is taxed, the more things are made from it, and the cheaper both material and product become?

That a sensible man will buy in the cheapest market, is every day demonstrated by the people; and that a foreign article which is cheaper than we can produce it ought to be preferred on the foregoing principle, is also daily approved. A man might make his own boots or shoe his own horses; but if he can earn more money in some other way, he will not be apt to take up the lap-stone or the hammer.

Men who hold these things to be self-evident will not in the years just before us vote for men or measures that contradict these maxims. Only the pressure of national danger has kept these parties together while, under pretence of raising revenue, the protectionists have at once taxed the people for private ends and deprived the treasury of the revenue which it ought to have received from the tariff.

It is scarcely time yet to set down in the order of their importance the new issues in our politics. Every reader knows what they are, and to what vast concerns our new arithmetic must be applied. It is matter of amazement that we have for so long a period — nearly six years — left our new and plethoric treasury under its antiquated management and exposure to frauds such as would once have provoked revolution, if no short and sure remedy had been found. A tariff which has grown up by chance, guided partly by some great manufacturing interests, must be scientifically adjusted to our actual conditions. The Civil Service must be put upon bases calculated to secure three things: efficient service, reasonable compensation, and honorable name, from and for all men who serve under appointment. They must be appointed after real competitive examinations, and serve either for fixed periods or during good behavior. Other and even larger issues will rise up before the first substantial victory of the Reformers is reported; for at the bottom of all the struggle lies a belief in a scientific politics, and a mortal terror of the results of that gambling empiricism which calls itself the American, but which is properly the European system.

Hitherto this system has escaped the test of mathematics because it has revelled in the riches of a bountiful country; and, in spite of the really heavy burden of our present debt, a Treasurer can be economical as compared with a predecessor, or

hide under flowing streams of taxation the losses suffered through bad management. Until recently, very few among us could perceive an indirect tax, and for some years the majority enjoyed as a luxury being bled without seeing either the lancet or the blood.

Now, the party of Reform bases itself upon the theory that a loss by indirect taxation can be rendered perceptible, that there are now unmistakable symptoms of weakness which can be shown to the patient, and that a Treasurer of the nation can be put under the severe supervision of arithmetic and made to keep a debt-and-credit account with the resources of the people. Some such notions as these are fundamental to the new movement, and they are capable of such statement and vindication as will commence at no distant day a fair trial through an honest application of them to government.

Doubtless it is a field for charlatanism. At present no political science is studied by the average voter in any other school than that very inadequate one where the stump-speaker and the partisan journal hold the chief professorships. Whether political science when dealing with values can be coined into short and pithy sayings, and so sent home to every voter, or whether the people will in some new way vindicate their just claim to the first place among peoples by mastering the thoughts which constitute the frame-work of social science, is really a problem containing the future of this nation; for we must struggle on in the old blundering way, reducing our lands to barrenness, our masses to beggary, our wealth to a few colossal fortunes, and then to a few great works of art, and be distinguished in the political confusions caused by apotheosized Presidents and Conventions: or we must master our problem in the popular intelligence, and apply the solution through popular voting.

The question about the caucus lies

at the very threshold of this new movement. The caucus is a great improvement on the mass-meeting, which was the political instrument of the Italian republics, and is thus far the only one developed in France. But it is painfully evident that the caucus is not a divine institution, and improvements are needed or a substitute.

Whether minority representation or some modification of it contains what we want, can only be known after a fair trial. What is mainly needed is encouragement for the men who display decided ability in such studies, and a general understanding that we are discontented with a theory which makes politics a raffle for spoils and a struggle for reputations; which substitutes a President for a Napoleon, and occupies half our political attention with the effort to get one out or to re-elect him for a new term; which

gamble over the national wealth for the right to control it for private ends; and under which, as the prodigality of nature is gradually exhausted, the poor grow poorer and the rich richer, and all power and wealth take up their march together toward a centralized despotism.

I must not omit one of the decided advantages immediately to be realized by Our New Politics. The sectional feature of our political questions for twenty years back has been a misfortune in no way relieved by the necessities of the case. On the new questions, Northern and Southern men will cease to be divided by geographical lines; probably no statesman could devise a happier method of healing such wounds as still remain from the Civil War, and uniting the nation in the pursuit of material advantages which have no geographical boundaries.

D. H. WHEELER.

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### IDLE HOURS.

METHOUGHT I had been idle all the day;  
 The plough was standing in the furrowed ground,  
 The sickle hanging where the sheaf was bound;  
 While listless basking in the summer ray,  
 Soft-tempered by o'erarching boughs that hung  
 In fragrant tassels where the violet sprung,  
 The daylight's golden sands had run away.  
 Yet now with joy I see, in after time,  
 That much was won in that unnoted hour.  
 The treasures of the world of thought and power,—  
 The chastened beauty of the true sublime,—  
 The ceaseless-plodding worldling never finds;  
 For only in a tranquil moment binds  
 The spell that wakes the Minstrel's mystic chime.

## THE WORLD'S FAVORITE.

SEVEN GOLDEN EPISODES IN CHRISTINE NILSSON'S CAREER.

## I.

LET not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off; and let not him that commenceth the investigation of Nilsson with the purpose to do something critical and sharp and not at all gushing—let him not put that resolve on record, else in that record he shall write himself down an ass. I did set out, dear reader (for, having investigated Nilsson, I am in a tender mood, and shall call you dear, and hug you on presentation)—I did set out with that very, very rash intent. Behold in these few pages the lamentable failure which I have achieved!

Speaking of failures—the history of Christine Nilsson, from the time when she quit picking potatoes on that little Smoland farm until the time when she finds herself immortalized in these pages, has been a series of triumphs. If one seeks for other than triumphs, let him go back to some date previous to that when Christine ceased to be a carrier of potatoes—for at that art and at the general routine of peasant girls' duties, she admits that she was a failure. Only the gathering of fagots in the woods suited her, and this because she could roam much at will among the trees, and see the blue sky, and think of things which were beyond both trees and skies. This period of her life was, as I say (perhaps because the fagot-gathering did not come often enough) a failure, or at least a troublesome puzzle. Did the good God, whom she intuitively loved, and to whom she still habitually appeals, with a piety truly beautiful—did He intend that she should gather potatoes to His glory for ever and ever? did He intend that she should wash the Nilsson dishes and sweep the Nilsson floors

for aye? Something within her little bones told her No. The old women of Wexio all said No, too; for Christine was the seventh child, born after a lapse of seven years from the birth of the sixth, and of course she would come to something wonderful. (This oracle was probably promulgated after Christine became famous; but of course it was just as true before.) "No," therefore was the solution of this problem; but what of the other? What *was* Christine made for? She soon began to solve this question, too, by the aid of her brother's fiddle. She discovered a wonderful faculty for retaining and reproducing melodies. To do this with the voice alone—that was nothing, that was the same as breathing; but to do it with the aid, or rather the obstacle, of a violin, that was like eating and drinking—that was *fun*. And so she became, at eight, a juvenile violinist—a prodigy, indeed, wandering with her brother from hamlet to hamlet (near home) and winning many kisses and many pennies for her talent.

Eureka! the problem was solved. She was born to be a musical genius. The violin, she thought; music at any rate. This problem solved successfully, Christine's life became, as I have said, a series of triumphs. Let us fairly epitomize the best of them, and allow the remainder to take care of themselves.

Agreed? First, then, observe the girl at Ljungby Fair—the one that took place in the year of our Lord 1857. The peasants are gathered, and are bent on their jocund sports. The man with the peep-show amuses them much; the ventriloquist still more, as he talks from his belly, and seems to throw his words into all impossible places. But who is that twelve-years-



old girl who, with her fiddle under her arm and her flaxen braids hanging straightly behind, admires so intently the man's trickery, and envies him so keenly his wonderful gift? That is little Christine, the child-wonder; and however the other shows and sports may please, it is when *she* plays and sings that the delight of the throng is greatest. She must be particularly inspired to-day, for when she finishes, the huzzas ring out, the matrons all press to embrace her, and the man with the peep-show makes her an offer of twenty-five rixdalers if she will come and play for him a year! This was her first triumph. Who shall say it was less in degree than those more noted ones which she has since achieved?

## II.

Christine, dutiful and affectionate child that she was, could not bear the separation from her mother, and therefore, with many tears, said No to the mountebank. Then, shortly after, the village magistrate, becoming interested, came in with a tempting offer to take charge of the girl, procure her education, and make another Jenny Lind of her. Of course the mother knew the last proposition was feasible. She saw a Jenny Lind in her little daughter, as many other parents have seen embryonic Jenny Linds and Paganinis in their wonderful offspring. There are plenty of Jenny Linds at six or eight years, but they all go where the pins go before they get out of their teens.

Christine went to no such place, however. She went to Gottenburg, afterwards to Stockholm, and afterwards to Paris, to be finished into an artist. The mother had objected to the magistrate's proposition, but said, "If you ever have a third offer, my child, you may go; but do n't ask me." And sure enough, when the next offer came, from the Baroness Leuhusen, Christine accepted, eagerly but tear-

fully. She chose her career, and entered upon it as eagerly as the bird, long pent, stretches his wings and soars into his element.

She had studied two years in Gottenburg, a year in Stockholm under Franz Berwarld, and three years in Paris, under Wartel and in a very select ladies' finishing school; and now, in the autumn of 1864, she had been brought forward to make her *début* at the Theatre Lyrique, in the character of Violetta in "Traviata." The story of this *début* is also familiar to the public. The fresh, fair Swede had shown Paris a picture of the frail *Dame aux Camellias* such as they had never seen before. She had touched all their hearts with the tenderness and pathos of the personation, and charmed them equally by the brilliancy of her vocalization and the purity of her tones. The plaudits rang, the bouquets rained upon the stage, the happy girl was called repeatedly before the curtain,—and the second triumph was complete.

## III.

During the season at the Lyrique, Christine became thoroughly the pet of the Paris public. Her name was upon everybody's lips; but while their praises rang in her ears, she did not forget her poor humble parents at Wexio. She seized the earliest moment to visit them and apply her savings (which, on two thousand francs a season, could not have been very princely) to the bettering of her father's worldly circumstances. The old man had attempted to be a landholder—something extraordinary for a Swedish *Bönde*,—and had failed—that is, become bankrupted in the attempt. It was Christine's privilege to set her father on his legs again, buy back the homestead in which she was born, and vest the free title to it in the parent Nilsson, "his heirs and assigns forever."

But it was the concomitants of their

journey to Smoland that were most memorable, and which must have constituted that "proudest moment" of one's life, to which the orators of the banquet-table are so fond of alluding. At every station that Christine passed after entering Sweden on her filial pilgrimage, there gathered the mayor or magistrate of the town, and the people *en masse* turned out to shake her hand and give her their best bouquets and make her their best speeches. It was "Hail, the Swedish songster!" and "Welcome to the country that is proud of you!" and everything that is flattering and sweet. Was not this a triumph sufficient to turn the head of any girl not yet through her twentieth year?

## IV.

And yet it did not seem to spoil Christine. She went back to Paris and began studying harder than ever. She took an Italian master, Delli Sedie, and fitted herself right quickly (having a very thorough grounding) for the grand opera and for Italian. By and by she made her *début* at the Grand Opera, where the scale of merit and magnitude is higher than at the Lyrique. It was the same old story, only repeated with more emphasis. The Emperor and Empress were there. (Let us not call up the sad picture of the Napoleon and Eugenie of *now*, but keep in view the splendid Emperor and Empress of *then*.) Eugenie sent her chamberlain to thank Mademoiselle Nilsson for the pleasure she had conferred (it was "Traviata," and the poor Empress had cried all the evening!) and to beg she would accept her Majesty's own bouquet of violets. The Emperor regretted not having a bouquet of his own to send, but would take the liberty to send one in the morning. It came—pearls and diamonds in a gorgeous set of ornaments. Can you, dear reader, share sufficiently the foibles of the stage, of Paris, and of womankind, to set *this*

down as one of our heroine's red-letter triumphs?

## V.

There was a rival. Or rather, we may say that Christine herself had sprung into such prominence as to become thereby a rival to Patti, whose title to *la diva's* crown had not been disputed of late. Patti, having conquered Paris, had marched, like Bonaparte, upon the capitals of Northern Europe, and had, unlike him, succeeded in capturing them all,—kings, armies and populace. Nilsson had fairly supplanted the dark-eyed *diva* in Paris. Could she overcome her elsewhere, or was her popularity thus far some whim of the capricious Parisians? The London public, as well as London society, was cold and critical. But it was not careless or stupid; and Christine felt that she could establish herself, or establish the altar of the chaste goddess whose priestess she felt herself to be, as firmly in London as in Paris. So, too, believed the warm-hearted manager, Mapleson; so, too, the sagacious and accomplished Englishwoman whom Christine had adopted as her constant companion, adviser, and close friend. They were right. They conquered England with so much greater ease than Cæsar ever accomplished that task, as to rob that ancient commander of all legitimate title to his much mooted motto of *Veni, vidi, vici*. The London public was as crazy as that of Paris in its admiration of the Swedish cantatrice, and flocked in immense numbers to hear her in "Traviata," "Faust," "Martha," "Don Juan," "Lucia," and all the standard operas, particularly her specialty of Ophelia, in "Hamlet."

But the consummation of her triumph was not until a year or two later, when the Prince of Wales received the Viceroy of Egypt, and when both Nilsson and Patti were invited to the reception. The Mar-

chioness (that is Patti, who sports some sort of Marquis for a husband, you know) sailed into the principal saloon, thinking, "Well, here, at least, I can mortify my rival the Swede. Here I figure among the lords and ladies, because I am a marchioness. *She* must go in among the artists, to signify that she is simply tolerated because she can sing. Aha, my pretty Swede! Don't you wish "——

She stopped short; for there, conversing in Swedish with the Princess of Wales, stood the object of her sudden pity, apparently the most at home, the most absorbed and the least self-conscious person in the throng. The high-spirited Marchioness passed the evening gloomily, and retired early (poor Caux!), while her flaxen-haired rival was very particularly waited upon at table by the Viceroy himself, who of course was the lion of the evening. I think, if any woman could be magnanimous towards another, this gentle Christine would be the one to show that noble though by no means feminine quality; but, as human nature goes, I cannot but guess that there was some extra fervent embracing between the young *prima donna* and her dear adopted mother when they retired to their rooms that night, and that this event furnished as marked and intense an emotion of triumph to Christine as almost any other of her life.

## VI.

And now she has crossed the ocean, to sing to the savage Americans for a hundred nights, and at a price for each night which would have taken her near three years to earn at her first wages in Paris. The compensation is greater than had ever been paid to any artist, in any country. The savage Americans turn out to be a people worth singing one's best to. Their critics (sagacious creatures!), determined not to be caught with any

Old World chaff, attempt to decry the new candidate's voice; but all of them succumb to it sooner or later, and add their tardy acclaim to that of the populace. Even to far Chicago the *furor* has penetrated, and the fair conqueror finds there awaiting her a laurel wreath of massive gold, with which she is formally crowned in the midst of a vast throng and an intensity of enthusiasm which proves to her that wherever in the wide world the Scandinavian tongue resounds, there beat true Scandinavian hearts, eager to pay their tribute to the song-queen of Sweden, and claim for her the homage of the world. Nor was it her countrymen alone who paid her their *devoirs*. Thousands of all nationalities thronged about her, pledged her health in persistent toasts, sang her praises in every strain, and jostled each other to obtain the boon of a smile from her lips, or even a sweep from her garments, or a fragment from the table, as a memento of the occasion when they beheld Nilsson face to face. Silly, you say? Silly, no doubt; but exceedingly human. And, having exercised ourselves so much to keep pace with the worshippers of her car in other cities and countries, we cannot but claim our Chicago demonstration to *La Diva* as another of her seven triumphs.

(The laurel wreath suggests other *souvenirs* which Mlle. Nilsson cops over with pride, and events to which she looks back with similar emotion. Among the trinkets are a diamond brooch of fabulous cost, ordered for her by the French Emperor, containing in diamond letters the word "Marguerite," that being the personation of Mlle. Nilsson of which Napoleon was most enamored; a set of ornaments of emeralds and brilliants, from Eugenie; a pair of bracelets from Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales, one of sapphire and diamonds, and the other of rubies and pearls. These are the two which Christine is most accustomed to wear upon her

right arm, at a concert of an evening. One of those upon the other arm is from the Prince of Wales, and bears his initials, "A. E.," in large letters formed of pearls. The gorgeous necklace of large pearls and diamonds which she sometimes wears is from the Duke of Massa, a composer of much merit; other jewels and ornaments, numbering many, are from ladies of rank in England, and among the trophies of a more emblematic character is a very delicately finished wreath of gold presented at Baden by Du Pressier, the nabob of that watering-place. The *souvenirs* from the royal family of England grew out of a visit made by Mademoiselle to the Queen at Windsor, of course by invitation. She was the first visitor the Queen had received for any purpose of pleasure since the Prince Consort died. Miss Nilsson recalls with great pleasure the visit, received entirely *en famille*, there being present only the Queen, Prince Leopold, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and two ladies in waiting, to receive Miss Nilsson and her lady companion. They had a good feminine "sit down" of it; and Christine sang and Victoria cried until both were very happy. The Queen is an excellent *connoisseur* of music, and applauded in the right places, greatly to her credit; and her guests, staying, occupied a suite of rooms the mention of which made the lacqueys stare. (They had not been occupied since Prince Albert died!)

## VII.

But if you will go (in imagination, of course) to my lady's boudoir as she is preparing to retire at night, you will find that it is not the rich tokens of royalty over which she lingers longest and most fondly. It is a little plain

photograph, set in a little plain case, such as many of us have upon our mantels. The subject is a genteel, refined, amiable appearing young man, with handsome face and a very prepossessing expression. This gentleman—August Rouzod—is the lucky fellow who is to fold to his bosom, some happy day, the object of a world's idolatry—the concentration of so many millions of heart-currents—the centre from which have radiated so many pulsations of sympathy, stirring millions of souls. This much-to-be-felicitated Rouzod, a stock-broker by trade, was at last accounts on the ramparts of Paris, defending his country from the invader; and his betrothed was reading daily the news of the war, and watching hourly for little square letters, of the shape and size which characterize the "balloon mail" of Paris. She dwells with *naïve* and touching fervor, upon the merits of her *fiancé*, and contrasts him, with pardonable pride, against the curmudgeons and cormorants whom certain other *prima donnas* have married; and it is not by any means a violent exercise of the privilege of prophecy, to set down the marriage of this noble artist and true woman to the man of her choice and her admiration as, after all, the proudest and best of all her triumphs.

And now, long live this interesting pair, and especially the lady, whose presence among us has demonstrated anew the universal capacity for falling in love with a great soprano! And long live Sweden and her warm-hearted people, wheresoever they wander! And long live we, to cool our ardor at our leisure, and to make many additions yet to the Seven Triumphs of Christine, *la diva*!

E. CHAMBERLIN.

## THE CHUQUANAQUE INDIANS OF CHACAROUN.

IN the mountainous sea-girt region lying to the eastward of the Isthmus of Panama and stretching away towards the Gulf of San Miguel and River Tuyra, there is an immense tract of magnificent country that remains as yet wholly unexplored, and upon whose interior no eye but that of the warlike aborigine has ever gazed. It has never been penetrated even by the daring, almost resistless subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella; nor yet by those self-sacrificing, persistent, and ubiquitous followers of Ignatius Loyola.

Along the western border of this hidden land there has swept, over the broad paved road from Porto Bello to old Panama, upon the construction of which the Spaniards sacrificed the lives of thirty thousand Indians, the great prolonged tide of commerce, conquest, and civilization, crossing from the shores of Europe to those of the Pacific; but no part of it ever turned aside into the region of Chacaroun.

Morgan and his fierce, indomitable buccaneers, who destroyed Spanish fortified cities and utterly obliterated old Panama with its fifteen thousand inhabitants from the face of the earth, was fain to let the Chuquanaques alone; and not even the well-authenticated existence of the great golden Temple of Dobayba could tempt him to test the strength of their valor and patriotism.

During our own time there has rolled over the same route from Chagres to new Panama the energetic, successive waves of California emigration. The strong-hearted and reckless men composing it preferred to dare thirty-five hundred miles more of ocean travel, rather than to hear the treacherous Indians close at their hands.

All these restless, fearless armies of adventurers, who for three hundred years have passed over the Isthmus, went forth in search of *gold*, and were deterred by neither hardship nor danger, neither sickness nor wounds, neither distance nor starvation itself, in attaining the object of their desires. Adjacent to their pathway lay the country of the Chuquanaques, which teemed with this precious metal; but no white man's foot has ever touched its inner soil. The exclusiveness and unrelenting hostility of the inhabitants arose from a very readily-conceived cause.

The early Spaniards, upon taking possession of the regions thereabouts, depopulated them in their usual cruel manner by working thousands to death on the roads and fortifications, and selling other thousands into slavery across the seas. The lust of gold, also, displayed by these arrogant conquerors was insatiable; and no consideration, either human or divine, ever restrained them from gratifying their inordinate passion. They were demons in search of it, and worse than arch-demons in destroying the possessors thereof whenever it was found.

These things were noted by the Chuquanaques with dismay, and a dread of the future impelled them to action, as they sorrowfully remembered that their own luxuriant country bore in its bosom, and the sands of its numberless streams contained, untold quantities of the glittering, fatal metal. Their Caciques gathered the people together at the sacred Temple of the Sun; and under the most solemn rites bound them to defend their territory to the last, enjoining them to perish on the battle-field rather than to suffer the ignominious fate of their neighbors. As they were

athletic, warlike, and resolute, this resolve was effective; and it is adhered to rigorously even up to the present period.

It was not to be supposed, however, that the Spaniards were deterred by any such demonstrations from attempting forcible entrance into the dominions of these half-naked savages, armed only with javelins, lances, clubs of fire-hardened palm-wood, and poisoned arrows. The records of Bogota and Carthagena, kept with that scrupulous minuteness and care which characterizes all those Spanish documents in every part of America, detail the disastrous results of several expeditions emanating from Darien and the Gulf of Uraba.

In most instances those composing them were cut off to a single man, although they were picked *guerreros*, well seasoned by Moorish and Indian fighting. This last survivor was carefully escorted to the frontier and sent home to tell the tale. The invaders were rarely able to penetrate more than a few leagues into the country of their adversaries, ere a warlike host swarmed around them like locusts, and maintained an incessant combat until the enemy were destroyed. The Spaniards might slaughter their foes by the hundred, but it was like parting the waves of the sea—the great mass was still there surging and seething around them; whereas the death of one Spaniard was the gain of a thousand men to the defenders, who poured in their poisoned arrows with redoubled vigor. These missives disheartened the Castilians exceedingly, for those wounded by them soon became *hombres de combat* and exhibited the most intense agony, the virus eating up their very blood until they died filling the air with such shrieks as appalled the hearts of their most stalwart comrades.

The prisoners, if any of the attacking party surrendered, were immolated in the great Temple of Dobayba with barbaric pomp and the same hideous

ceremonies that were practised by the ancient Aztecs in the city of Mexico. One of their number was compelled to view the death of his companions. If he were wounded, the most tender care was lavished upon him; until, being nursed back into health and strength, he was returned to whence he came. One enterprise, however, terminated differently in that respect. Francisco Becema led out from Santa Maria de la Antigua a selected body of one hundred and eighty men thoroughly armed and equipped, carrying with them three pieces of artillery. Neither the commander nor any of his troops ever returned. A single Indian boy, who accompanied the expedition and belonged to the household of the friendly Cacique Careta, was the only individual who ever saw the walls of Darien again.

Even the illustrious Pizarro met with his match in that region, after battling incessantly with visible and invisible foes, those led by the Caciques Chuchama and Churuca being the most implacable; and after undergoing incredible fatigues and hardships, the remnant of his forces became entangled among the *guaycos* and *tremedals* of the country. For nine days they fought day and night with desperate valor, only to find at the end of that time that instead of extricating themselves they had gone round in a circle and had come back to a hardly contested field where they had previously slaughtered seven hundred of the enemy. Nothing but the most admirable strategy and military skill enabled Pizarro to return with a handful of men to Santa Maria, reserved as he doubtless was for the subsequent abasement of the Incas of Peru. It was during this very expedition that he obtained from a captured Cacique the first intimation of that populous and prolific land of gold.

The renowned Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, had repeated contests with these Indians, and undertook two

separate expeditions directed specially against the great golden Temple of Dobayba. The first attempt was made with one hundred and seventy well-tried, hardy veterans. It was only by the continued exercise of his consummate skill and wonderful ability that he got back with a dozen of his followers. Nothing daunted, he fitted out a second enterprise, composed of two hundred resolute men, picked from two thousand adventurers just arrived from Spain. Again he was foiled, after displaying unconquerable courage, enduring terrible dangers, and encountering such fearful straits of hunger that upon one occasion, when the dead body of an Indian was found lying in the pathway, thirty of his warriors rushed upon it and devoured the half-putrid remains with eager relish. The corpse had been *poisoned*, and they all miserably perished. Balboa's prowess alone saved a mere fragment of his band, with which he returned dispirited to the shores of Darien.

It may seem strange that these fierce fighters with their accessories of armor, ammunition, and military skill, should be foiled in their endeavors to conquer any race, the more especially so when they knew what a mass of gold the Temple of the Sun contained, and that the people who flocked to that *Adoratorio* used the same precious metal in the fabrication of their most common utensils. And also it appears still more incomprehensible that out of the millions of pusillanimous and effeminate natives of that whole vast region there should exist one single nation daring and powerful enough to defeat the mailed and battle-scarred veterans of Spain.

A similar instance occurs in the experience of Columbus, however, who, upon his second voyage received a sound and unexpected trouncing from the implacable Caribs of one of the little Windward Islands; while the entire population of the domain of Hispaniola submitted so peaceably

to his sway that (as Las Casas states) besides the countless thousands worked to death during the occupation of the country, no less than 257,000 natives were transported into slavery from that island alone.

Years have rolled on, effecting many sweeping and violent changes; but the position and power of the Chuqunaque Indians remain intact: unassailable from without, they are impregnable within.

The last attempt to pierce the hidden mysteries of the Chacaroun was made just previous to that first great burst of California emigration, which swept on its way to the Pacific over the startled, grass-grown streets of Panama. The Governor of that Province organized an expedition under the following auspices:

It had been the custom of the Indians to send to Panama twice every year a bongo laden with fruits, some spices and valuable gums, and a certain quantity (which never varied) of exceedingly fine pure gold. These were exchanged for such commodities as they wanted — *machetes*, *escopetas*, ammunition, glittering ornaments, etc. The writer has seen this craft arrive on one of its semi-annual visits, and noted the appearance of her crew. They were square-built, under-sized, gorilla styles of men, with high cheek bones, repulsive countenances, and masses of long black wiry hair streaming down their backs. The gold they then brought was disposed of to Garrison, Fretz & Co., the American bankers, who always made every effort to induce them to increase the amount on the next trip, but without avail. Two men only, and invariably the same two, transacted all the business, both speaking but very little Spanish, the language being apparently repugnant to them. These men had traded for years with the old residents of Panama, but as soon as the Americans were established in business, they dropped the former for those of the new race and the new language.

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While none of the nation except these two ever during many long years trafficked with the Panamenos, no sooner were the Americans established in Aspinwall than they ventured thither in numbers, to dispose of fruit, parroquets, shells, monkeys, etc., to the crowds of passengers going through. What was very remarkable, they could not speak a word of Spanish, but acquired English readily, and they were never seen on the coast before the American occupation. Evidently they had discovered that our countrymen were of a different lineage from the hated, much-dreaded Spaniards.

During one of their regular visits to Panama, the chief man of the party sickened, and died, as was supposed at the time. His companions were satisfied of his decease, and made no opposition to his being buried—the body having been taken from the bongo by the Health officer, whose word is supreme law in Spanish ports; but after that was done, the craft at once made sail and disappeared across the bay. Upon consigning the body to the cemetery outside the walls, the usual process of digging a trench two feet deep and covering the inmate with quick-lime was gone through with. The contact of the lime with his face, aroused the *cadavre*, and he sat up in his grave, having been only in that state of syncope which frequently occurs during the fevers of the country. He was immediately carried to the hospital and cared for, eventually recovering his full health and strength.

The Governor, Manuel Dias, had evinced great interest in his welfare, excited, as it appeared afterward, by a cherished plan of being enabled to penetrate the long-sealed region to the east of his province. He judged that, from the many peaceful years that had passed without any aggression on the part of the present residents; from the fact of the extreme paucity of population dwindling down

to almost nothing since the expulsion of the royalists; from the consequent assurance that no hostile interference could even be contemplated at that day; from the change in dominion which had driven nearly all the old Spanish blood out of the country; and from the advantage of their being able to restore one of the Indians whose loss had probably created some vexation, and whose narrative of kind treatment would evince the friendly feelings entertained towards his race—from all this he judged that it was possible not only to penetrate into their domain, but even to establish commercial intercourse with them.

The captive in the mean while remained sullen and stoical, affecting to consider himself a prisoner of war, whose time of sacrifice had not yet arrived. He even doubtless viewed his being brought back to life as part of the regular ceremonies, especially when the extraordinarily unpleasant manner in which it was effected came up in his mind. He flatly refused to learn either a word of the Spanish language, or impart a little of his own. To all blandishments and kindness he showed himself no more grateful than an alligator.

The Governor took with him on the expedition all the merchants with whom the envoys sent by the Chacarouns were accustomed to deal; made up an assortment of presents most likely to be valued; and carefully excluded all arms or semblance of weapons from the equipments. He succeeded in reaching a point some distance from the frontier river before his party was discovered. But upon awakening one morning he found his camp surrounded by what seemed to be a countless host of savages, all thoroughly armed and accoutred, with their Caciques bedecked in gold armlets, bracelets, a kind of gold cuirass, and those magnificently brilliant feather ornaments peculiar to the South American native.

A council was immediately con-

vened, before which the Governor and his companions were invited, not brought. His rank and the standing of those with him was evidently known, and the whole company had doubtless been recognized by those Indians whose duty it was to visit Panama. A separate seat was assigned him before the chief Cacique, who was of imposing mein and commanding appearance. By his side stood the hostage they had brought from Panama, whose face then gleamed with a vivacity and intelligence that was incredible to those who had him in charge so long.

To the blank astonishment of the Panamenos, the first demand of the Cacique was repeated to them by their former convalescent in fair Castilian. The worthy *padre* (an indispensable adjunct to every Spanish movement) who had labored hard upon the spiritual welfare of the interpreter, and had marvelled much at his stolidity under holy words and sacred ordinances, was struck aghast, and ejaculating "Demonios!" crossed himself vigorously. But becoming cognizant on the instant that his former *protégé* had readily understood every word he had said, he sank down in utter despair, calling upon every saint he could think of to elucidate the mystery of how all his ministrations had failed to move, even so far as the twinkle of an eye, the obdurate soul of this heathen savage.

To the question of the Cacique, "Why do you invade our territory?" the Governor replied that his coming thither was actuated by no hostile design, but was prompted by a desire for friendly intercourse and a hope to establish relations of a peaceful and commercial character between them. He reminded him of the great changes that had occurred in the population, government, and sentiments of his own people—their inoffensive character and amiable deportment to each other. He used all the arguments at his command to influence his hearers,

and asked why the estrangement existing between the two peoples should not cease and be succeeded by a firm and lasting friendship to be established from that day.

The Cacique, after listening patiently to all that was advanced, answered with dignity and deliberation. His reply having been taken down by the notary of the expedition, is preserved in the archives at Bogota, and is as follows:

"Many thousand suns ago your fathers landed on our shores. They swarmed over the country like the white ant, devouring those nations that came in their path, and leaving but a few remnants, bleached like themselves, to remind us of the happy hosts that once filled the land. Our fathers heard of these things and were alarmed. They called together a mighty council of the people at our sacred Temple of the Sun, and there the nation was sworn to keep our own bright soil forever free from the print of Spanish footsteps. This oath was cemented with the blood of a thousand of our brethren; and a fire was kindled, looking right into the eye of the great Sun which we worship, to keep its memory bright in the breasts of the nation. That fire has never gone out. It burns to-day, and our hearts burn now as did those of our fathers. Between your race and mine a bitter, never-dying enmity endures. Many times your fathers crossed our borders—each time *one* man returned. But in your veins runs some Indian blood. You are not *all* Spaniard, and you have treated those well whom we sent to you. Go back now to your country, and never dare to return. My warriors will take you in safety to the river. I have spoken."

Rising haughtily from his seat and waving his hands to indicate the conference was ended, the Cacique prepared to leave the shade of the immense cedar tree under which the council was held. Governor Dias vainly essayed to introduce his

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presents, but he was resolutely assured that nothing whatever would be received from their hands; the interpreter significantly adding that the greatest present had been made on the part of *his* people in granting the boon of their lives.

Sadly disappointed at the ignominious reverse to his brilliant anticipations, the Governor reluctantly ordered the cargo mules to be packed and their own animals saddled. While this was being done, their wondering eyes noted that in the camps around them all the pots containing maize, and the cooking kettles with other common utensils, were made of gold.

In order to disabuse the public mind of a popular fallacy, it may be well to state that these Indians, as well as the Peruvians and others, do not deem this metal so very precious; and its general use among them is occasioned only by the fact that it is procured with less labor, is more easily worked, and lasts longer, than any other. The stalwart savage does not believe in bending his lordly back to dig for ore, preferring the more congenial process of washing out gold dust from the river bottoms or lazily strolling round the rocks picking out nuggets. He sees nothing exhilarating in a smelting-furnace, however rude and easy to construct; nor anything at all engaging in the menial monotony of a forge.

The guard assigned for their escort

accompanied the Panamenos to the frontier river, and then disappeared like rain-drops into the heart of the forest. Their resuscitated dead man, marvellously restored to life, was not seen after the council broke up. Neither he nor his comrade ever made their appearance again in Panama. A new set came on the next trip, who were also apparently ignorant of the Spanish language; but doubtless, like their Spanish predecessors, they were instructed to hear everything and say nothing.

Thus ended the last attempt ever made to penetrate into this lovely and opulent region. It may possibly be reserved for our own countrymen to elucidate the mysteries of this still firmly-sealed territory, and to gather the myriads of wealth confined within its borders; especially as its inhabitants seem to view our people with some degree of favor, and to distinguish them from their long-dreaded foe of centuries—the cruel Spaniards.

But even in the deplorable event of a conflict, these primitive although resolute savages would soon be forced to succumb under the decisive influence of the repeating-rifles and *mitrailleuse* of the present day. The existing government of the state, and that of the central power, would gladly render every assistance that might be needed, and very certainly would interpose no obstacle to the opening up of the country.

J. W. GUIREY.

## HER BIRTHDAY.

O HAPPY, holy Day!

O radiant Day, which gave my Loved One birth!  
Day of all Days, the sacredest of earth,  
Be blessed by me, whose way  
Would else have known no Day!

O glad and glorious Morn  
That did the sunlit world with gold adorn,  
The Day my Love was born!  
How brighter grew  
The sky's cerulean blue,  
That bent above her face, and all its beauty knew!  
Clad in sublime array,  
Along his shining way  
How proudly rode the light-crowned King of Day!

How beamed the Moon with light!  
How gleamed the glittering, conscious Night  
That first did burst upon her new-found sight!  
How Night and Day conspired to trace  
Upon her shining face  
Whate'er they knew of beauty and of grace!

How lifted Day her hair,  
And weaved his sunbeams there,  
And left his whiteness on her bosom fair!  
While Night, in gladsome guise,  
Took from her jewelled skies  
The brightest stars, to light her sparkling eyes;  
That so her shining soul, heaven-windowed, might  
Be flooded with heaven's light!

Days into years have grown;  
Decades have come and gone;—  
But Beauty prideth still to make her brow its throne.  
The sunbeams in her hair  
More golden gleam, and fair,  
And whiter glow her brow and bosom rare.  
And Time, who saw her birth,  
Enamored of her worth,  
Hath sat so lovingly beside her hearth,  
That though of grief and care  
My Love hath had full share,  
There bides no trace, save fairness made more fair.  
And when new comes the Day  
She came to bless my way,  
I rise with Morn to praise, and kneel with Night to pray:  
That by my trusting side,  
With truth and heaven allied,  
My peerless Queen may cling—my Love—my Life—my Bride!

## THE AGONIES OF JOURNALISM

## FACTS CONCERNING THAT CRITICISM.

OUR type-setters were an enterprising batch of fellows. It was their life-solace to know that they could perpetrate more blunders in a certain given time than any like number of compositors in the city.

They revelled in the proud consciousness of an ability to view manuscript from a dozen different standpoints, and none of them according to the ideas of the original scribblers. To turn all the capitals upside down was their chief joy; to give a writer's ideas the appearance of having been seized with a lively attack of the shaking palsy was their happy boast; and to sprinkle commas, periods, and semicolons upon a page, as though they had been doused out of a pepper-box, was their glorious pastime.

As bogglers they were champions; as bunglers they held the belt; as masters of the occult art of botching they feared no earthly rivals.

And the proof-readers were worse than the chaps at the cases. If there was an omission, "doublet," or any trifling fault of hasty writing, that was always left intact. They never squandered their genius upon any actual errors; but when it came to misconstruing a meaning, or fixing up a sentence according to their peculiar ideas of what a sentence should be, they displayed a taste that was not soothing. Their improvements on the labors of the compositors were always unique, but not always consoling.

But the man that made up the forms was the peer of them all. The type-stickers and proof-scanners were energetic and strikingly original, but this man rioted in the knowledge that in superb maladroitness and general bull-headedness he was their lawful

king. To drop a double-handful of prepared matter, after the copy had been destroyed, was a "kadido" in which he infernally exulted; to place a paragraph concerning Bismark's intentions into an account of a butter-makers' convention, thrilled his soul with a buoyant fervor that was better to him than a month's wages; while to accidentally get the paper into something like readable shape, was an event that dejected his proud heart and drove his naturally jocund spirits into bilious mourning for a week.

Between compositors, proof-readers, and the "maker-up," it was at times rather depressing to us aspiring non-entities who flourished in the editorial rooms.

I *was* a little vain of that criticism. Strakosch had been around to interview me in the morning. "He depended on me entirely in this affair," he said. If I failed him he would be forced to shatter his engagement, pack the peerless Nilsson off to her "ain countrie" by the first steamer, and allow the lesser lights of his troupe to forever fade from his view.

But if *I*, the musical representative of the "Daily Meteor," would only look kindly upon his amber-haired warbler, affluence would pillow his Israelitish head in her golden lap, and blessed forever should be my name in the house of Strakosch.

I heard afterwards that the wily young *impresario* had dinned that same yarn into the ears of the conceited critic of the "Corona," and that similar tales had been reeled off to the sapient writers of the "Asteroid," "Comet," and "Spectrum." But I was not aware of the fact at the time, besides I had been a little anxious to get a critical shy at the glorious Swedish

cantatrice myself. Those fellows at New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia had written very fair notices considering their advantages, but I felt it in my bones that Providence had cut out a job especially for me in the premises.

I did just ache to show the readers of the "Meteor"—"circulation 100,000 and steadily increasing"—about how a criticism of a yellow-headed, angel-voiced soprano should be built; and I was a little vain of the result.

I slung two columns of my choicest rhetoric on the occasion. It was one of my nights for a gush, and I encouraged the inclination to its complete bent; exulting in hyperbole; wallowing up to my mental ears in metaphor; and heaping eulogy, simile, glowing adulation, tropes, technical terms, and fervid figures of speech into the copy-box, until informed by the gentle foreman that it would be well for me to desist in my labors "if I wanted any of that slush to get into the paper."

There is no necessity for me to reproduce that article at the present time. Everybody is familiar with its appearance in the "Meteor." I anticipated a sensation when people of literary and musical tastes should come to read it—and I was not disappointed. But there was one particular sentence that pleased me more than the rest, so much so that in spite of the howling for copy at the time, I duplicated it in order to preserve the original manuscript.

I looked for a call for that same bit of paper in a few years. I knew that the heirs of Cervantes had realized a fortune from the sale of the first sheets of "Don Quixote" long after the decease of the pithy old Spanish iconoclast, and I was inclined to keep a brisk eye for future profits myself.

I had been comparing Nilsson, among other impossible things, to musical instruments, which, if well made, are sure to give out harmony

under all circumstances, in spite of themselves:

"Mlle. Nilsson is a magnificent insentiate creation. She evokes not melody of her own free will, but is played upon by a higher power than any of mortal guidance. In this she affiliates to an unearthly Stradivarius, or, mayhap, to some grand organ in the buildings of the New Jerusalem, whose dulcet keys are swept by the inspired fingers of an archangel."

That struck me as being about as neat a thing as was ever ground out of a human noddle; and as I walked home I gloated over the dismay of the chaps connected with the "Corona," the "Asteroid," the "Comet," and the "Spectrum," when they should arrive at that particular paragraph.

I ate my breakfast next morning before looking at the paper. I wanted a cheerful topping-off to my meal, and I got it.

If those impenitent and time-serving apostates in the composing and proof-readers' rooms had deliberately planned my eternal ruin, they could never have succeeded better. My beautiful images were knocked into the thinnest of smithereens; and as for the lovely rhetoric, that was pulverized finer than any of Tyndall's atmospheric germs.

I stood it all with the grit of an honest citizen, until I reached my pet sentence.

One good square glance was enough. I arose sadly, walked out into the back yard, and drove my head into the water-tank. After soaking my dazed caput about ten minutes, I started back into the house to try it again. But it was no use. There lay the accursed sheet, its hideous abominations grinning at me in fiendish joy.

Most of you may remember that paragraph. If you do not it is no fault of the wretched hirelings of the "Corona," "Asteroid," "Comet," or "Spectrum." The way they went for that article as a whole, and that one sentence as a specially toothsome tit-bit, was scandalous. For the

benefit, however, of anyone who has not yet heard of that delicious fragment, or of the European war, I transcribe it as it read that morning in the boldest type of the "Meteor"—former circulation 100,000:

"Mlle. Nilsson is a munificent insensible creature, all tears. She enters not malady of her own free will, but is flayed upon by a buyer of flour. Than any of martial guidance, in that she is afflicted with an unearthly strabismus. Or, mayhap, to some grand ourang in the boilings of the New Jerusalem, whose dulcet fringes are dirtily sweep by an insipid archangel."

I strolled, in a frame of mind approximating to what I imagine must be the reflections of a gentleman who is about to attend a select hanging party at which he is to be the principal performer, down to the office that afternoon.

I had gone but a short distance when I met Carp, the news editor. Said he, "I don't believe I would go to your business haunt this morning if I were you, sweet child!"

"And wherefore should I not do so, my brother?"

"Oh! go by all means!" was his comforting reply. "Strakosch is sitting on the fire-plug in front of the building, with a gun in his hand. His face weareth an air of melancholy, as though he was pensively awaiting the appearance of one who has done him grievous injury."

Carp is not a marrof genius, but his judgment is singularly accurate. I flanked the front entrance to the office by sidling around another block, through an alley, and slid into the building by a rear door.

I then sent a man down to entice away the enemy. My messenger was a fellow of infinite resources; but it required all of his genius to draw Strakosch off that fire-plug. The announcement of a row at the hotel among the amiable members of his troupe, and the information that

Brignoli had smashed Vieuxtemps' fiddle, was what did the business.

"Donnerwetter unt plue plazes!" howled the poor manager, at this announcement, as he shot down the street, his gun trailing over his shoulder and his general *ensemble* being not unlike that of a lunatic private in Von Moltke's body-guard.

The exchanges began to come in a few days, and I saw that my adorable article was not likely to be improved in its reprint phases. It was mutilated enough in the "Meteor" to shatter all my chances for extreme longevity, but the way it suffered in its foreign reproductions made me blush to call myself a man. And as if all this were not warm enough, the miserable paragraph was garbled into "Current Notes," and "Jottings," and "Pointed Items," and "Sunbeams," and made the subject of cold-blooded editorial paragraphs up and down this broad land.

"The 'Meteor' outrageously affirms that the peerless Nilsson is cross-eyed."

"The would-be critic of a puny sheet in a neighboring bucolic retreat, calls the glorious Swedish songstress an 'insensible creature.'"

"We understand that Strakosch has sued the proprietors of the 'Meteor' for libel, damages fixed at half a million, for having compared Mlle. Nilsson to a buyer of flour."

"No one but a malicious demon would ever think of applying the phrase 'insipid' to a cantatrice of Nilsson's genius."

"What the immaculate idiot of the 'Meteor' meant in referring to 'the boilings of the New Jerusalem' in his comments upon Nilsson, we do not know; but it is evident that the blackest of malice was hiding behind that expression, and we hope to see the vile sheet made to answer for its ugliness to a judge and jury."

"The writer who can discover any affinity between the divine Nilsson and an 'insipid archangel,' must be a perspicuous ass."



Things arrived at such a stage at last that I approached an exchange paper as cautiously as Joe Jefferson's ideal dog "Snyder" must have nosed up to the Van Winkle family mansion when "der vild cat" was at home. And the men at our office did go for me shamefully, while, as I was soon pleasantly made aware, all of my fellow-scribblers on the other local journals installed me in their esteem as a healthy fool of remarkably extensive and symmetrical proportions.

The thing at last grew wearisome. My hair was assuming the sable-silvered tinge; my digestion grew capricious, my circulation feeble; my eyes began to "purge thick amber," my disposition to show signs of weakening on its well-known amiability, my nails to loosen, and I felt badly besides. I was tired, and sent up my orisons for a change. But I never did have any luck in praying for change, as my pocket-book can dyspeptically testify.

Three days ago I withdrew to my closet, accompanied by a popular divine, a justice of the peace, and a commissioner of deeds. From that time up to this morning we have labored steadfastly in the production of the appended document. I intend that it shall appear in every daily and weekly journal in this country and Europe. I have engaged competent translators for its foreign versions, and I commit them to the mercies of the kindly stars. As for the English of it, I propose to see that it gets into print with not more than one word out of every two distorted from its primal meaning.

"To whom it may concern; Know ye all men by these presents; Brethren, a Christian greeting; Ladies and gentlemen; Friends, Romans, countrymen; May it please the Court; Companions of old Alma Mater; Mr. President; To the honorable Board; Gentle reader:

"The undersigned, being at the present writing in his sound mind, and

believing that he understands the nature of an oath as well as Greeley, Vanderbilt, or any of the less noted swearers of antiquity, does hereby solemnly affirm as follows, namely, to wit:

"That, so help him all the gentlemen of the mythology and saints of the calendar, he does look and always has looked upon Mlle. Christine Nilsson as a saffron-haired angel, with a voice a few grades above those of the leading prima donnas of Olympus.

"That, he hopes to die if it is not the truth he is speaking, he is totally ignorant of the authorship of a certain rebus that appeared in the 'Meteor' of — date, which by some dispensation of the devil was placed under the 'Amusement' heading of that journal, and which has unwarrantably been supposed to refer to the seraphic Swedish cantatrice.

"That his love for one Max Strakosch surpasseth the love of woman; which statement he is prepared to religiously maintain, if it takes all summer.

"That, with an often-expressed and an earnestly-felt admiration for 'the union,' he must still give it as his adamantine opinion that the individuals who run the typographical department of said 'Meteor' are not exactly to be trusted. He views them with admiration as hard-handed sons of toil, but, acting under the dictates of his unsullied conscience, and not being instigated in the least by the adversary, he is still forced to admit that they are unreliable.

"That, and Allah is his witness, he moreover considers them a trifle out of their sphere, and would respectfully recommend them to turn their distinguished attention to street-paving, or to grinding asthmatic hand-organs at lucrative street-corners. They would then, he humbly submits, cease to be delusions and snares to the unwary, as well as licensed confidence operators, and would, henceforth, henceforward, and forever, command

his esteem—the which article, as he is ready to give them each a written statement to prove, they do not now possess.

“That, lastly, he advises all his *confrères* of the quill to let up on firing any more of their wit at the before-mentioned rebus, facetiously denominated by certain miscreants as a ‘criticism on Nilsson.’ To this end he wishes them to individually understand that it is his intention to hunt out the writer of the next funnygraph upon this, to him, painful theme, and

interview him. He thirsts for no man’s gore, but is nevertheless willing to have it known that the result of said interview will probably be the cutting loose of the soul of said writer of said funnygraph, and the hasty winging of said soul’s flight to kingdom come.

“Given at the garret, this — day of grace, in the year of Our Lord 1871, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, and signed, sealed, and delivered as the law directs.”

SAWYER WALKER.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO. Compiled from his Correspondence and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. (S. C. Griggs & Co. Chicago.)

All the world knows how Galileo was tried, persecuted, mentally tortured; few may know how he was loved. One heart was ever pouring refreshing streams across the rugged fields of his sad and toilsome life. It was simply a daughter, the elder one, loving her father in a mode and measure rarely excelled. The portrayal of this filial affection is so charmingly prominent in this volume, that we may chiefly devote our review to it.

The spirit of the child must have been full of tender pity, when she was first assured that the mother of Galileo’s three children was not a legal wife, and when, after keeping his house for about ten years, Marina Gamba was dismissed in a friendly way to marry a thrifty man of her own station in life. The children seem not to have enjoyed this latter arrangement, for they were thrown, for a time, under the imperious rule of a grandmother, who had not the gentleness of most grand-dames.

Galileo, from first to last, was bending and breaking under a load of imposing relatives. Scarcely any but his two daughters loved, thanked, and helped him. It was a question what to do with them, until pleadings and diplomacies, the good offices of a cardinal, and the yielding heart of an abbess, finally unbolted the doors of the convent of St. Matthew, at Arcetri, near Florence; and they entered to be at home there as long as they lived.

They laid aside their names. Polissena, thirteen years of age in 1614, took the veil as Sister Maria Celeste; Virginia, about two years younger, was now Sister Arcangela. Galileo provided them a dowry, as best he could, and then went to work again in those two vast spheres, Analysis and Investigation. He was fifty years of age. Already had he proved himself a master in mathematics, invented the thermometer and the telescope, surprised himself and the world by the discovery of Jupiter’s satellites, pushed so far into space as to make known “the ring of Saturn,” and so boldly looked on the Sun as to detect the spots on his brilliant face. These, and like discoveries, had caused him to be envied and even charged with heresy. Inquisitors were on the watch,

reading his views with the microscope of prejudice, while he coolly brushed off the dust they cast on his lenses, and turned his telescope upon the heavens, intent upon showing how the earth rolled itself over once a day, and swept around the Sun once every year. Poor and burdened as he now is, almost always in pain and illness, often melancholy and so sad as to maintain silence towards his best friends, forced out of his professorship at Padua, not at all comfortable in Florence, and illly at rest in the rented villa near Albizzi, he absorbs himself in study, and again startles Europe with the results of his thinking.

Galileo was not the last philosopher or astronomer who had a daughter to sympathize with him, read his books with delight, and cheer him with hearty approval. But the lonely man who was too ill to observe, as he wished, the advance and flight of the three comets of 1618, had not his daughter at hand to watch their movements and report to him as he lay beneath his telescope. She was not an astronomer. She was a nun, quite far away from him. Her genius—for hers was a powerful mind—was obscured by the veil. Yet the genuine filial womanly nature was not lost by repression. Her respect for him is almost a father-worship. To her he is philosophy; she will be poetry to him. Mother, sister, lover, could not be more to him than is Maria Celeste. In the spring of 1623 begins the letters which have been preserved—one hundred and twenty of them—and they are the golden threads in her father's biography. His loving care preserved them. But we lament one loss. His letters, so treasured by her all her life, and read over and over, as she tells us, doubtless were too bold in the assertion of his opinions, and the breath of the inquisition probably destroyed them.

In these missives, so personal, so confidential, Sister Maria Celeste lifts the veil, steps out from the convent grating, and tells us that, whatever the black serge may declare about her deadness to the world, she has still a heart that can appreciate the joys of home and weigh its own griefs. The griefs were not few nor light. To her sister, who was enough more than a shadow to be an invalid, selfish and

gloomy, she must yield a great deal for peace—or, as she puts it, "in order not to disturb the love we bear each other." They received presents of all sorts of provisions from their father, and Maria was ready to give the best she had to the sick and aged. Usually in need of nursing, she was ever busy in making others comfortable; now helping lame rheumatics across the hall, or attending upon her matron and three other sick inmates; again knitting for the almost shoeless errand-boy, or gathering all she can together to dress up "two poor little nuns." She taught the convent choir, and saved a little money by her preserved fruits, whose flavor so often flies to lip from her child-like letters. She became the Apothecary and "Sister Infirmarian" of the convent, where ill-health was the rule. There was scarcely an ache in the long list of human pains, that did not creep in through the walls within which the nuns shivered in winter and melted in summer; and when she saw that some delicacy, sent by her father for her own benefit, was restoring the vigor of one equally infirm, she cheerfully wrote, "Doubtless, our Heavenly Father would give me health too, if it were good for me."

Busier still was she in trying to promote her father's comfort. What a real "housewifely soul" is manifest in little kindnesses! He has just been more seriously ill than usual, and she keeps the steward running to his villa to learn how he is from his own lips; for she cannot trust the lying kindred around him. The messenger carries some biscuits, baked in a mould representing a fish, or a parcel with this note: "I have succeeded in getting four plums. If they are not so perfect as I wish, you will take the will for the deed." Then she is delighted; he sends letters and papers for her to copy in her clear, delicate handwriting. She asks for more of such work, for her own contentment. Her vows had robbed him of a secretary. Then that new set of dinner-napkins. She has been "extremely busy" on them, but how vexing! They have been cut too short, and there is not fringe enough. He must send more, "to piece them out," even if a comet should sail by unseen.

Then sending him some cakes made expressly for him, and informing him that her sister is "under medical treatment," she says: "I am not well myself; but being accustomed to ill health, I do not make much of it, seeing, too, that it is the Lord's will to send me continually some such little trial as this. I thank Him for everything, and pray that He will give you the highest and best felicity.

"P.S. You can send us any collars that want getting up."

Surely she ought to have been a housewife. Galileo's mistake was in not keeping his daughters at home. Affairs were not purely spiritual at the convent. As her father is about leaving for Rome, she urges him to request the Pope "to grant us the favor of choosing for our confessor a Regular, or Brother of some Order, on condition of changing him every three years, as they do in other convents. If I once began telling you all the absurdities committed by our present confessor, I should never end; they are so many and so incredible."

She hears from her father, how his presence in Rome was anxiously desired, "by some great personages." The new Pope, Urban VIII., heretofore so intimate with Galileo as to sign himself his "affectionate brother," and so full of esteem as to write Latin sonnets in praise of him and his discoveries, now grants him six long interviews, and at his departure presents him with "a fine painting, two medals, one of gold and the other of silver, and a good quantity of *Agnus Dei*;" all of which he will one day repent, but it now is good news to the nuns of St. Matthew, who, doubtless, receive a liberal share of the gifts. But what is of greater account in the eyes of Sister Maria, he can now show the Pope's recommendation of him to the young Duke of Tuscany, as worthy of all honor and advancement. The Duke, who has a remarkable aptitude for mathematics, engages him as his instructor, and Galileo writes his chief work, the "Dialogue on the Two Great Systems;" the Pope approves it, and the author is happy once more.

Not happier than his daughter, who seems to have entertained him at the

convent; he supplying the material part of the feast. That her father is more fully appreciated at Rome, and in this lower sphere generally, is too blissful a result not to have some little evil possibly enticing him. She fears lest his thoughts and affections may tend strongly earthward. As for herself, she is rather Martha than Mary. She is much engaged about clear broth and clean pillows for the sick, the preparation of cinnamon-water, the cooking of quinces, the baking of biscuits, with other culinary arts and pharmacy; and yet heaven is not wanting in her dutiful heart. Her religion is the element that crystallizes the ordinary affairs of her life, and makes of them a spiritual service. So when her father is away again, deep in his studies, if not chilling in the December, she finds somewhere a rose, which believes with her in being "instant in season and out of season," and she thus writes, mixing sermon and sweetmeats very much together:

"Of the preserved citron you ordered, I have been able to do only a small quantity. I feared the citrons were too shrivelled, and so they proved. I send two baked pears for these days of vigils [Christmas days]. But as the greatest treat of all, I send you a rose, which ought to please you extremely, seeing what a rarity it is at this season; and with the rose you must accept its thorns, which represent the bitter Passion of our Lord, while the green leaves represent the hope we may cherish, that through the same sacred Passion we, having passed through the darkness of this short winter of our mortal life, may attain to the brightness and bliss of an eternal spring in heaven."

Troubles multiply in the convent. Poverty thins the comforts, privation thickens the cares, fears attend the pestilence; the clock is distracted, and the nuns will give sister Maria no peace until her father come and mend it. Also her sister, quite a burden at best, is now in charge of a deranged nun, who attempts to cut her own throat and break her skull against the wall, "so that we are in constant terror of something dangerous happening."

And he, loaded down with illnesses, poor kindred, fatherless nephews and

nieces, and loans made to her in order to secure her a better room, together with the shadow of Inquisitorial terrors upon him, is pressed into silence. She feels neglected, and blames herself for not meriting his attentive affection. "You do not pay us a visit once in three months, which seem to us three years and more. You never, never write me a line." All her own fault, she suspects, for he conceals the bitterness of his cup. Yet the steward goes and comes at her bidding, with dainties and reports of his health. One little note says, "Only in one respect does cloister life weigh heavily upon me: that is, that it prevents my personal attendance upon you. My thoughts are always with you, and I long to have news of you daily. \* \* \* Would you take back a lute which you gave us many years ago, and give us instead a breviary apiece? for those we had when we became nuns are quite torn to pieces. The lute remains hung up and covered with dust \* \* The breviaries need not be gilt."

At length her painfully jealous doubt is removed, for Galileo has obtained a license to print his "Dialogue," and he can write to her, explaining his long silence. How vast must have been his mental oppression! How science has often monopolized the entire being of its devotees! She writes, "21st July, 1630: Just as I was thinking of sending to you a long lamentation because you never come to see me, I received your most loving letter, which shuts my mouth entirely. I must accuse myself of being fearful and suspicious; for I did doubt whether your love to those nearest you might not cause you to be cool toward us who are absent. \* \* Your illness grieves us. I was much astonished to hear that you went into Florence every day. Pray take a few days' rest; do not even come to see us. Your good health is more to be desired than the delight of your company."

Very soon Galileo, who has been artist, musician, mathematician, physician, astronomer, glass-blower, clock-mender, gardener, and poet, is requested to turn glazier. His daughter wonders whether he will repair the window of her cell, and glaze "the panels with waxed linen," be-

cause "it is a piece of work rather fitter for a carpenter than a philosopher." Of course he does it.

At last Galileo comes and dwells on the hillside over against the convent. They can talk, and the letters cease, except when he is away at Rome, answering to the Inquisition for his heresies in science. She superintends his garden, and reports the sales of fine lettuce and large oranges, with outlays for rent and labor. He braves his judges through a long process, until threatened with the torture, and finally bows and abjures. After denying the earth's motion, did he, rising from his knees, mutter, "It does move, though!" So grand an utterance has not been allowed to pass unquestioned. His books are prohibited, his papers burned, and he left almost worldless. What joy remains to him? Sister Maria can tell her own. "I wish," she wrote, July 13, 1633, "that I could describe the rejoicing of all the mothers and sisters, on hearing of your happy arrival at Siena. It was, indeed, most extraordinary! On hearing the news, Mother Abbess and many of the nuns ran to me, embracing me and weeping for joy and tenderness."

In his despondency he wrote, "My name is erased from the book of the living!" "Nay," was her ready answer, "say not that your name is struck *de libro viventium*, for it is not so; neither in the greater part of the world, nor in your own country. You are loved and esteemed here more than ever."

She tells him how the hail has injured the vines, how thieves have been in the garden, how "my lady mule" has behaved so arrogantly as to carry nobody, and how a terrible storm has torn away one end of the roof: there were few plums, and the wind stripped off the pears. "There are two pigeons in the dove-cote waiting for you to come and eat them, and there are beans hanging for you to gather them. Your tower is lamenting your long absence."

The tidings reach her that his prison is to be changed to Arcetri, where she is so nearly dying that she writes, "I do not think I shall live to see that hour. Yet may God grant it if it be for the best."

The prayer was granted. For about

three months they were comforted together. He tells all that we know more of her. "I stayed five months at Siena in the house of the Archbishop; after which my prison was changed to confinement in my own house, that little villa a mile from Florence, with strict injunctions that I was not to entertain friends, nor to allow the assembling of many at a time. Here I lived on very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighboring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly; but the eldest in particular was a woman of exquisite mind and singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me. She had suffered much from ill-health in my absence, but had not paid much attention to herself. \* \* She died after six days' illness, leaving me in deep affliction." The first of April, 1634, was the day of his bereavement.

After this he must say, "My restless brain goes grinding on;" and later still, "I am hopelessly blind!" He lived four years longer, dying in 1642, at the age of seventy-eight. Ten years later Milton was blind, but his daughters were eyes to the author of "Paradise Lost." It is touching to notice that, upon the receipt of a book "De Luminis," Galileo thus expresses one of his last aspirations: "I hope that with its help I shall shortly be able to understand what many and many hundred hours of thinking have not yet made me capable of understanding; to wit, the essence of light."

In blindness, yet studying the light, died the genial old man, who taught us how to see those worlds which recall the name of Galileo, a father of science, akin to us all.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION AND THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN. Mental and Social Condition of Savages. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., Author of "Prehistoric Times," etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton & Company. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The question whether men are but modified brutes after all, is a question trenching so far upon the ordinary self-consciousness of most of us as to awaken with tolerable certainty a lively curiosity, at least when-

ever and wherever it happens to be vigorously discussed.

Sir John Lubbock has stirred up the pool of inquiry from the bottom with a pole of fair dimensions; and—in the volume before us—has apparently attempted little else. He has collated under chapter-titles of comprehensive scope and natural subdivision some thousands of excerpts from the narratives of various travellers, without special classification, and certainly without logical arrangement in detail. Indeed, until at the very close of his volume he suddenly announces a wholesale inference or two, there are no definitions of the theory which the book is created to sustain—and the stray hints at a theory are so vague that probably nine unsophisticated readers of every ten would plod on in doubt like that which beclouds the ultimate fate of the heroine of a three-volume novel, down to the last page of the last chapter. For this noteworthy (and in a grateful sense praiseworthy) impartiality, the learned Baronet makes vigorous endeavor of atonement in the essays which are printed in the appendix: in the first of which he flies upon the memory of the late Archbishop of Dublin and quite tears that logical prelate's logic to tatters; and in the next venture snuffs out His Grace of Argyll altogether. Indeed, the thoroughly British pugnacity of these supplementary papers is as droll as any comedy, and is well worth the price of the book.

There seems no good reason for denying that the book is rather a dictionary of quotations than anything else; and that it could only become an ethnologic treatise in a scholarly sense after entire re-casting and re-writing.

Considered as a dictionary of quotations merely, it is worthy of a large commendation, and in this light only shall we write of it. The list of "Principal works quoted" specifies nearly two hundred by name, and the ample references by footnote show the patience with which the collation has been made. The chapter-titles specify "Art and Ornaments," "Marriage and Relationships," "Religion" (three chapters), "Character and Morals," "Language," and "Laws."

A fair illustration of the two-edged character of our author's citations is found under his first title. Certainly the ladies of the United Kingdom, like those of the United States, are more civilized than the men of the Fiji Islands. But who could infer as much from the poverty of the female chignons in their most alarming plenitude when contrasted with the masculine achievement thus set forth:

"Most of the chiefs have a special hair-dresser, to whom they sometimes devote several hours a day. Their heads of hair are often more than three feet in circumference, and Mr. Williams measured one which was nearly five feet round. This forces them to sleep on narrow wooden pillows or neck-rests, which must be very uncomfortable. They also dye the hair. Black is the natural and favorite color, but some prefer white, flaxen, or bright red. On one head, says Mr. Williams, all the hair is of a uniform height: but one-third in front is ashy or sandy, and the rest black; a sharply-defined separation dividing the two colors. Not a few are so ingeniously grotesque as to appear as if done purposely to excite laughter. One has a large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of his head being bald. Another has the most of his hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint-brushes."

In the chapter about Marriage, Sir John theorizes quaintly enough about a substantial reason for polygamy, and so gravely puts his case withal as to merit patient hearing:

"Polygamy is almost universally permitted among the lower races of men. One reason—though I do not say the only one—for this is obvious when pointed out. Long after our children are weaned, milk remains an important and necessary part of their food. We supply this want with cow's milk; but among people who have not domesticated animals, this cannot, of course, be done, and consequently the children are not weaned until they are two, three, or even four years old. During all this period the husband and wife generally remain apart, and consequently, unless a man has several wives, he is often left without any at all. Thus, in Fiji the relatives of a woman take it as a public insult if any child should be born before the customary three or four years have elapsed, and they consider themselves in duty bound to avenge it in an equally public manner."

The history and theory of "marriage by capture" are treated at great length, and on the whole with considerable ability. The history of Relationship will probably find general acceptance as illustrated extensively and finally summarized thus:

"I think that children were not in the earliest times regarded as related equally to their father and their mother, but that the natural progress of ideas is, first, that a child is related to his tribe generally; secondly, to his mother and not to his father; thirdly, to his father and not to his mother; lastly, and lastly only, that he is related to both."

The ample space allotted to the topic of Religion is more satisfactorily occupied than any other equally considerable portion of the volume. Starting out with the sensible postulate that the true test of all religious feeling is the estimate in which the Deity is held, Sir John holds himself aloof with equal success from Atheism on the one hand and cant on the other; exhibiting throughout the entire discussion a dignified modesty, a sincere reverence, and a large intelligence, such as are rarely to be met in equally happy combination.

Totemism, Fetichism, Idolatry, and true Religion, are very intelligently defined, distinguished, and contrasted; and few theologians by profession could fail to profit by reading these three chapters.

The subdivisions entitled "Character and Morals," "Language," and "Laws," are slighter than others, and contain nothing specially new or striking.

The conclusion of the whole matter is in these words:

"The facts and arguments mentioned in this work afford, I think, strong grounds for the following conclusions; namely—

"That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors.

"That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism.

"That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves."

UNCLE JOHN UPON HIS TRAVELS. Compiled and Edited by Aunt Esther. Illustrated. Chicago: The Lakeside Publishing Company.

There is perhaps no more difficult thing to do than to make a religious book for young people which shall be attractive and at the same time carry home to the heart and mind of those for whom it is intended the priceless lesson of right living. Unfortunately, the mis-directed efforts of many good people in the past have filled our Sunday-school libraries with such a surfeit of moral platitudes and sentimental dogmatism that the task has in these latter



days become doubly difficult. To catch intelligent children with Sunday-school books now-a-days is too much like angling for trout in one of those streams of New England where every man and boy is a fisherman and "whips" the stream "at his own sweet will." Only the genius of an Ik. Walton will avail them after the flush of the spring season is over; and it would seem also to have come to such a pass in Sunday-school literature that it is only the Ik. Waltons of the pen who can now successfully throw the fly of truth to "schools" of little sinners. We are speaking, let it be observed, of the scientific angling which has its exponent in the vast amount of juvenile religious literature with which the world has been flooded, and which much preaching as well as a general familiarity with the cardinal truths of the Gospel has seemed to make necessary. We believe in its necessity, and, if done in the right way, in its efficacy; but for the ordinary every-day purposes of religious teaching, give us after all the old "drop-line" of the Bible and the Gospel truth as contained therein. In a word, we apprehend that there is danger, in the multitude of religious books so-called, of encouraging our children and pupils to cultivate a taste for these to the exclusion of a more profitable study of the Scriptures.

The book before us, we are happy to say, is an exception to this large class of sentimental religious "bosh," and while it very properly seeks to "point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale," there is no lack of useful and important information, conveyed too in a style clear, fresh, and interesting. The epistolary method, falling as it does into the natural and colloquial style of address, best fitted as this is to reach the youthful understanding and sympathies, is wisely chosen by the author; and we are quite sure that many a boy and girl who shall read "Uncle John Upon His Travels" will not only be drawn very closely to him as one of the dear old friends and story-tellers of their childhood, but will almost unconsciously, as it were, also discover in later years that they have learned a great deal that will be of use to them and a source of satisfaction to know.

"Uncle John" has a happy faculty of

telling the young people, and indeed some who are not so young, just what they want to know and what is not usually told in books of travel. For instance, while on ship-board he tells us just those little things about the management of the ship which we have all earlier or later puzzled our brains over—how the ship runs so many "knots"—how latitude is calculated so that one can tell just where in the vast ocean the old floundering ship is—how that famous character the boatswain looks and acts, etc. Then many an important historical event or geographical record is indelibly fixed in the youthful memory, and every now and then a gem of a story or old legend is skilfully interwoven with the narrative. On the whole, we think the young people are under great obligations to Aunt Esther for "compiling" Uncle John's letters and presenting them, so neatly printed, so tastefully bound, and so beautifully illustrated, to a wider circle of readers.

#### THE STORY OF A WORKING MAN'S LIFE.

With Sketches of Travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. By Francis Mason, D. D. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

There are certain books, few in number indeed, and not generally ranked high as regards intrinsic merit, which have nevertheless a charm peculiarly their own. They have a freshness not found in nor consonant with the classic conventionalities of literature. There is a spicy aroma of style and a native tanglewood of plan about them that is as attractive to the scholar, plodding his weary way along the accustomed monotony and dry dead-level of reason or rule, as is the sweet, cool balm of the pine woods, stretching along and back from the dust and glare of the highway, to the foot-sore traveller. How he rests and luxuriates, as he lies supine on his brown aromatic bed, gazing with dreamy eye at the clouds as they drift above the openings in the tree-tops, and listens to the alternate whistle of some busy wood bird or the refreshing sough of the forest breeze! How much better to rest in than a beautiful and elaborately

kept park, with all its intricacy and complexity of design to attract and vex the weary brain. You open one of these books as you would carelessly saunter into one of these spicy groves at no particular place, but anywhere. It makes no difference. Hap-hazard is best always. For you do not care to read connectedly in one of them, any more than you would want to spend the whole day in the forest. You find a quaintly expressed thought upon this page, a fearlessly launched opinion on another, a fresh personal experience on another, here some facts worth remembering, there some piquant personal recollections; and so you skip here and there from page to page and chapter to chapter—now reading, now wandering off on the trains of thought awakened, like the resting wayfarer gazing up through the tree-tops at the drifting clouds.

The book we have before us reminds one not a little of "John Neal's Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life," published about two years ago. The two books as well as the two authors, have, it seems to us, several points of resemblance. Both authors have travelled much and seen a good deal, and both have led eminently busy lives as well as useful in their several and varied occupations. The author of "The Story of a Working Man's Life" is an Englishman of the working-classes, who emigrated to the United States in 1818. After various vicissitudes of fortune in different parts of the country, both East and West, he seems to have finally concluded to study for the ministry, at Newton, Massachusetts; and before having quite completed his course, we find him, in 1830, going out as a missionary to India, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Convention. The book is, as its title suggests, an autobiography and personal recollections of all his varied experiences, both before and during his

missionary work. The style of the narrative is rambling and unconnected, as we have already indicated; and therein we think lies its peculiar charm. There is a pleasant egotism and *ex cathedra* manner, too, about it, that is not unattractive, coming from the source it does.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**THE SOCIAL STAGE:** Original Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Entertainments, for Home Recreation, Schools, and Public Exhibitions. By George M. Baker, author of "Amateur Dramas," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

**OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS:** The Plurality of Worlds, Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**BOOKS AND READING:** or, What Books Shall I Read, and How Shall I Read them? By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**KATHIE'S STORIES:** Kathie's Three Wishes, Kathie's Aunt Ruth, Kathie's Summer at Cedarwood. By Miss M. A. Douglas. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

**GOLD AND NAME.** By Maria Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Salina Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

**ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.** By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. The Pleasant Cove Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

**FIFTEEN YEARS:** A Picture from the Last Century. By Talvi (Mrs. Thérèse Robinson). New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1891.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**VALLEY FORGE: A Poem.** By W. W. Fink. Des Moines: Mills & Co.

## CHIT-CHAT.

— "I DON'T care the shake of a lamb's tail which of the three is elected," was the remark, undoubtedly ingenuous, of a gentleman prominently engaged in political affairs, in conversation on the late senatorial contest in Illinois, while yet the issue was undecided. And really, when three professional politicians, about equal in ability and general desert, have been so equally industrious and equally bold in pushing, each his own personal "claims," there seems little incentive to choose between them. The means employed to win votes were, to say the least, very questionable in a man who aspires to the dignity of a seat in the senate of a great nation. Here were Tom, Dick, and Harry, all competing for the same high office; and to gain it they did not scruple to resort to all the petty tricks of the old-fashioned backwoods politician. They were willing to button-hole Smith or Jones, the member whose vote they coveted, and if need be to "see" him peculiarly, to go and court up his wife and daughters, to kiss his babies or to bring their own to be baptized in his church, to subscribe to his joint-stock enterprise, to promise all his ward-bummers an office in the general government, or to do any other of the thousand things to which an anxious candidate will stoop. Such things were done by these candidates with unprecedented assiduity—not merely through agents, but by the candidates themselves, who travelled the State over and over in their steaming, snorting scramble for Office. Imagine Daniel Webster or Henry Clay descending to such humiliating resorts! Think of the Great Expounder canvassing the Chicago delegation for votes—climbing four flights of rickety stairs to A.'s law office; tumbling into a basement to reach and patronize B.'s saloon in order thereby to capture B.'s vote; seeking out C.'s cooper shop in the suburbs; covenanting with D. to get an appropriation for his private harbor in

the lumber country; and, in a general and promiscuous way eating E.'s F.'s and G.'s dirt, in order to secure the dubious pledge of their vote until his (the Expounder's) rival should come along and bid higher! It may be claimed that the good Lincoln and the great Douglas made a long tour together in competition for precisely the same office; but their act was very different from those which are here complained of. They traversed the state discussing the opposite views which they severally represented. If Lincoln convinced a majority of the people that *his* views were correct, then he, as their exponent, was the fittest man for their suffrages, given indirectly through their legislators; if Douglas won a majority, to *his* cause, then he was the rightful victor. Even considered as a struggle for the intellectual championship, it was much more worthy and proper than the recent log-rolling squabble.

The evil referred to, which all just men are already lamenting, can only be remedied by a reform of the popular opinion concerning the proper nature and use of Office. We must learn anew that it is a function, to be filled by the ablest and truest man, and not a premium to be bestowed on him, however unfit, who has performed some special service—much less an apple to be thrown into the mire as a filthy guerdon to the stripling who will wallow deepest or scramble hardest for it.

— THE Frog is a humble animal (in these days of anti-caste sentiments we ought not to go beyond this and classify froggy down into a reptile) — the frog is a humble animal, but yet he occupies a conspicuous place — nay, several conspicuous places — in history. His frogship was first heard of in the Mosaic times, when he figured in a not very respectable *rôle*, that of one of the seven plagues of Egypt. As

Plague No. 1 he discharged his functions very effectively, to the unanimous disgust of Pharaoh and his subjects on the Nile. The frog was afterwards distinguished for his sufferings at the hands of that very mythical personage, Saint Patrick, who is said to have banished the whole batrachian family from the Emerald Isle in the early part of the fifth century. They must have migrated to France, for, a little later in that century, we find the "furious Franks" who, in coöperation with the "fiery Hun," made a general raid on the Roman Empire, hoisting three frogs at the top of their flag-staff as a symbol of their strength. This elevation of the perfected tadpole seems to have proved a successful device, and froggy was afterwards adopted as the standard of Clovis and the other illustrious barbarians who had the honor to rule the French nation. Ever since those times the fondness of Frenchmen for the frog has been so great that they will eat naught else, so long as there is a hind quarter of him upon the table. And is not Johnny Crapaud the pet name of the typical Frenchman to this day?

The frog, however, which seems to have been looming up into contemporaneous history is the iron frog. As if, in this age of iron, even the frigid blood of the marsh monarch seems to be resolved back into its constituent *ferrum*, the only frog of which we hear in America is the railway frog which Prince Erie has been thrusting against his enemies in Jersey, even as the king of the Franks thrust its fleshly prototype against the hosts of a Roman Emperor, many centuries ago. And thus does history repeat itself, even to the fact that Prince Erie is in some sense a Gallic chieftain, being at the head of one or two French *opera bouffe* companies! Fisk's frog has been a famous bone of contention for these many weeks, the fact being that in that little piece of mechanism lay the key of a desirable connection with certain railroad lines, with which the proprietors of certain other railroad lines ardently desired that Mr. Fisk should not be connected. This being the case, we are not by any means prepared to accept as final the telegraphic statement that the frog's fate is already sealed by the courts;

but shall, the rather, look to see that momentous implement flourished at the top of Fisk's battle-standard in yet other engagements of his promised campaign against the Vanderbiltian Empire.

— SOME virtuous, and undoubtedly very earnest and honest, newspapers have joined in the outcry against the Personal Journalist—that "Pest of the Period," as he has been dubbed by some one who was hit. But it is difficult, after all, to determine in just how far this denunciation is justified, or, in other words, how much of the blame in this matter must fall upon the political and social system of the country. A newspaper man is nothing, if not critical. After the first and great object of collecting all the news in the world somehow during the night, and presenting it to mankind at the breakfast-table in the morning, it is the province of the newspaper to supply the comments for those who have not the time or the inclination to do their own thinking. There is no other element, either in the news or in the comments—and these two form the legitimate province of the newspaper—that has the same interest as personality. We may cultivate Emerson or Carlyle for our generalities, but we take a newspaper and read a newspaper for what Mr. Sumner might call the "particularities."

Fashion, for instance, is one of these generalities, and if we would simply know its abstract relations to women, we might read Michelet on "*La Femme*," or "*L'Amour*." Though Michelet is exceptionally entertaining on this subject, we venture to say that nine women out of ten would willingly turn from him to read an account of the latest reception, with a full description of the ladies' toilettes. We may, in the abstract, entertain the most supreme contempt for the particular individual whom we call Jenkins—and why Jenkins?—but, in the concrete, there are large classes of people who buy papers for the purpose of enjoying the results of his mysterious investigations. Most of the newspapers in the world—there may be two or three philanthropic exceptions—are published for the purpose of making money. There is a great deal of human

nature behind the impersonal editorial "we." This is simply stated as a fact, and not in the way of justification. We are of opinion that all newspapers should be published with purely the purpose of reforming mankind and without demanding any price for subscription for advertising. But this is not the state of affairs, unfortunately for us who have to buy them and advertise in them.

Under this reprehensible practice, newspapers have cultivated a habit of printing that which people prefer to read, and they are, as a consequence, intensely personal. If they describe your wife's toilette at a reception, they do it, first, because she was careful to wear a toilette worth describing, and, second, because they know that she and her friends will be glad to read about it. It may be maintained, then, to the partial relief of personal journalism, that if the world, which it pretends to reflect, were not so personal, it would not be so; and that if society did not cultivate display to such an extent, journalism would not put itself out of the way to hold up the mirror.

—THE recent history of public amusements in Chicago has further exemplified what the exponents of local conceit have always been disposed to claim—that the Chicago public will not patronize amusements of a coarse or questionable character, or plays that are poorly done, no matter what amount of clap-trap which has proved efficacious in other communities may be brought to bear, or how much money may be expended, to render the hollow bauble glittering and conspicuous. For instance, here came James Fisk, Prince of Erie and Buffoon-in-Chief to His Majesty, Brother Jonathan, and proposed to exhibit to Chicago a play which he alleges to have been successful almost beyond precedent in New York, backing up his assertion by the record of eight months' "run" in the Eastern metropolis. But Chicago, never taking very kindly to the naked drama, euphemistically dubbed the "spectacular," discovers that Mr. Fisk's spectacle is a very tawdry affair; that his legs are thin, his dancers deficient in both muscle and grace, his canvas second-hand,

and his show proper so villainously diluted with a cochineal-colored tincture of moral melo-drama as to be both flat and stale as well as unprofitable. Chicago therefore eschews Mr. Fisk's show altogether, and her newspapers condemn it unanimously, notwithstanding it has elements which might, perhaps, be so combined as to deserve a better fate. Meanwhile, he who thinks Chicago has no desire to be publicly entertained has only, in order to disabuse his mind of that belief, to take note of the crowds that throng to hear Nilsson and Vieuxtemps, at no matter what price, and the large audiences which have rewarded the plays and shows of various classes, but meritorious within their class, all the while the nonsense of Fisk was being so severely let alone at the Opera House. Hereafter, managers of shows contemplating a campaign in Chicago have only to keep in view this principle: that Chicago has a catholic taste, ranging all the way from a minstrel performance to an oratorio or a passion play; but it must be good of its kind—good buffoonery, good spectacle, or good high tragedy, and not much matter which.

—A CHARITABLE thing to do would be to establish an Asylum for the Dethroned Rulers of Europe. America, of course, is the country of all others for the location of this House of Royal Refuge, which might be its title, and which should include something of the corrective and reformatory element as well as the character of a poor-house. This plan would have a tendency to elevate these unfortunates to a sense of personal equality, finding themselves among a nation of sovereigns, and entirely relieved from the responsibility to which millions of people, with thousands of different interests and sentiments, have held them in the past.

There is just now abundant material for the starting of such an institution. Among the French there are the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, and the Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugenie. Then there are besides these, Gustavus of Sweden; Charlotte, the late Empress of Mexico; Francis II., King of Naples; the Duke of Brunswick; the Elector of Hesse;

King Otho's widow, of Greece; King George, of Hanover; and some others. These alone, without including their descendants and immediate relatives, would be enough to make up the nucleus of a charity community, which should also include the Pope, and one that would grow in time, as the people continue to assert their right of self-government, to dimensions that would command eleemosynary contributions from all parts of the world. In order the more completely to cure whatever royal mania might remain among these people, the insane asylums might be searched for the many unfortunate creatures who labor under the hallucination of having had imperial greatness thrust upon them. Constant association with the latter would serve to show the ex-kings and ex-queens, ex-emperors and ex-empresses, that their life, after all, has been but a fleeting show.

—THE unerring faculty by which genius recognizes genius has often been noted, and many illustrations of the same have been offered. It seems as if one instance, hitherto, we believe, uncelebrated in print, deserves record before the lists are closed. It runs thus, as the story tellers say:

John A —, of Chicago, is noted throughout the land, from Dan at least half way to Beersheba, for his skill in euchre, his conviviality at the table, and the excellence of his hardware, of which he sells mountains yearly. But if John excels at one thing more than another, it is as a judge, appreciator and practical stower-away of edibles and potables. Shakspeare was good as a lawyer's clerk and good as an actor, but he was only great as a poet. So A — is decidedly above mediocrity in the other lines mentioned, but only great when it comes to the gymnastics of the sideboard. A few years ago, at Kenosha, Wisconsin, he encountered a competitor worthy of his st — not steel, but — stomach.

Calling for dinner at a public house, he found himself *vis-a-vis* with a man whose "fair round belly with good capon lined" and other physical indices bespoke a heavy feeder. Neither had proceeded far with his meal before it became evident that

there was vigorous competition on the question of quantity; that, in short, a match at deglutition had been inaugurated. It would be impossible, in the short space allotted to this department to give a list of the dishes ordered and devoured by each gastronomic champion in the course of the match. Cuts of beef, roast and corned — of mutton, boiled and roast — dishes of vegetables, coarse and fine — sauces, gravies, condiments — staples, salads, soups — disappeared before the devouring element — or rather the two devouring elements; while landlord, steward, cook and all hands in the kitchen were worrying and ciphering to see *what* should be sent in next. Deliverance came to them betimes, however; for the contestants, pausing for a moment in their work of destruction, looked each other in the eye — no, in the mouth — and mutually experienced the intuitive cognition of greatness alluded to at the beginning of this paragraph.

"Good Heavens!" said A —, "You must be Samuel Jones of Buffalo!"

"I am," said Jones; "are you not John A —, of Chicago?"

"Of course I am. Here, shake! Waiter, bring in a couple more bottles of brandy."

And the contents of the bottles were partaken of between the two with great cordiality and many an ejaculated "I might have known it! I might have known it!"

—THOSE oratorical maidens who itinerate the country, lecturing on "Marriage and Divorce" and defending their claim to talk of those intricate subjects by the fact that they have had no experience of either, and hence were free from prejudice, doubtless take their cue from Dr. Johnson, who said that a critic should never read a book before reviewing it, lest he become "prejudiced." The *right* of these maidens to mount the rostrum in this manner is unquestioned; but it is possible that there may be a difference of opinion as to the *propriety* of their course. And how, also, about the eternal fitness of one of them denouncing, in Chicago the other evening, the follies and dangers of fashion, when nearly all those follies, including diamonds, panier

and general "stunning" character of costume, were illustrated upon the oratress's own person? The maiden referred to designates herself in her advertisements as the "Pearl of the Platform," which delicious simile, conjoined with the diamonds wherewith she adorns her body, ought to remind the "Pearl" of that other jewel called Consistency, than which no ornament more enhances the beauty of either lecturer or lecture.

—In the Distributing Department of the London Post-office there is always an *employé* whose special duty is to decipher the directions upon letters which have illegible writing and bad orthography, and many of which would be a complete puzzle to any but an expert. Two amusing specimens are the following :

Sromfredavi

Lunnun

which, when interpreted and re-addressed, by the clerk, reads—

Sir Humphrey Davy,

London.

The second was received at the office during the early part of the California fever, when occasional English steamers took letters and passengers for the Nicaragua route. The address was

Tommus Denice a Squire

Sandfransisko

Cally Phorny

By the Nigger Augur rout.

—THOSE who have read Tom Hood's "Up the Rhine"—and he who hasn't should lose no time in supplying the omission—must remember the excruciatingly funny picture of the Englishman's first experience with a German bed,—his feet dangling over the foot-board, and the thick bolster of feathers, which forms the only covering, reaching but a little below the knees. The hypochondriac of that celebrated travelling party thought that he had discovered the secret of Teutonic diabolism here. German beds, he was satisfied, were at the bottom of all the German stories; the covering he regarded as a pillow for the night-mare to ride on; and he expressed the opinion that he himself could have written about Dr. Faustus and the

Devil, if he had been reared in a country where such a custom prevailed.

There was more of true philosophy in this observation than might be found in whole pages of Hegel and Kant. It is the practical view taken by Mr. Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," that the inventive genius of antiquity, though as great as our own, lacked the necessary accompaniment of application. The sympathy between imagination and discomfort, speculation and old-foggyism, is a rather remarkable but incontestable bond. The Germans, for instance, could afford to give up some of their favorite delvings into the past for a more comfortable provision in bed-clothes. We of America could afford to sacrifice something of the laborious practicability which makes our business life a drudge for a little of the easy complacency of the Germans. And so each nationality, each community, and each individual could lop off many of the traditions, superstitions, and habits, peculiar to them, with great personal advantage. That which has been called the "composite nationality" of America will enjoy the greatest benefit from this interchange of characteristics and customs.

—IT is safe to say that the three happiest men shut up in Paris were the three Japanese students. The siege was a comparative blessing to them, as the cheapest accessible food—rats and cats—must have been their luxuries.

—MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is just now receiving very flattering notices of the natural and pleasant way in which he makes his heroes propose to his heroines, and *vice versa* in the leap-year romances, and his reputation as a novelist has been undoubtedly enlarged by this ingenious method of puffing. Now, we should say that there is nothing susceptible of such "infinite variety" as this very delicacy of "popping the question," and we are inclined to doubt very much whether Mr. Anthony Trollope's style, or any other man's style, may be accepted as a statement of how the thing has been done or should be done. If there is anything in the world that should be spontaneous, it



does seem to us that it is this very occasion. Young men may be inclined to study Trollope to see how they shall propose, and young women to devote themselves to him to see how they shall receive proposals; but if they desire to achieve a better success than that of reading a carefully prepared speech in response to an impromptu toast, we should advise them to wait for inspiration.

—A GOLDEN WEDDING, now-a-days, is not perhaps so illustrative of the human tenacity of life as of the ancient and obstinate resistance to the modern innovation of divorce. It is a rare event after all and considered from any point of view; but probably the most prominent thought which it suggests is the contemplation of so long and uninterruptedly smooth a course of domesticity. There are many men and many women who could figure up fifty years of married life, if they were permitted to count in all the wives or all the husbands they have had, but this amount of single-handed connubiality becomes a novelty, even at a time of life when most other things have ceased to be novel.

It is perhaps only natural, then, that there should be a disposition to celebrate an occasion in which so few men and women can take a personal part, in a manner to attract attention. The theory of this celebration is eminently poetical and beautiful; the celebration itself is, unfortunately, very absurd from several different views. It scarcely seems consonant with the best ideas of eternal justice that, at the age of seventy or eighty years, with a couple of matrimonial feet in the grave, a husband and wife should receive a cake covered all over with twenty-dollar gold pieces; while at the age of twenty and twenty-five years, with matrimonial consequences in a cradle, it was difficult to make bread enough to keep them alive. This, however, is one of the painful contrasts suggested by the theoretically romantic institution of a golden wedding.

Most of the other presents usual in celebrations of this nature are equally suggestive of inappropriateness if not absurdity.

Think of giving a toothless old man and woman, whose chief delight is in smacking their driveling gums, gold tooth-picks! Yet these are favorite presents with the generous donors, if not with the grateful recipients. A gold-clasped Bible, too, would seem to be exquisitely suited to the occasion, until one considers that the failing strength of years can scarcely hold it up and the dimmed eye-sight of old age does not admit of any reading. Gold ear-rings and bracelets for an ancient lady schooled to do her own work, and an elaborate gold ring for a venerable gentleman accustomed to think that such things are unbearably snobbish even for young men, are scarcely adequate samples of the ludicrous mistakes which are made with the best intentions in the world. Then to keep the old couple up till past midnight, when they had been accustomed to retiring at dusk for fifty years or more, seems to be the finishing touch to a ceremony akin to Hamlet's treatment of his mother, when he declared that he "must be cruel only to be kind."

—THE uses of woman, to say nothing of her universally ornamental condition, will scarcely ever be fully revealed to unworthy man until that "good time coming," when the knowledge will be of no practical use to us. His ignorance is largely owing to man's cowardice. What man, for instance, would ever have dared to advance the theory in regard to the relations of Socrates and Xantippe that was recently announced by one of the popular lady lecturers? She held that Xantippe was one of the best women in the world, because, if it had not been for her ill temper, Socrates could never have cultivated that sublime self-control which made him a martyr to principle. This is one of the womanly spheres of usefulness which man would never have discovered, for the simple reason that he would never have dared to intimate that Xantippe was not the sweetest-tempered being in the world.

—THE celebrated Nilsson, having included the ague in her Illinois experience, will have gained musically by it. Her *shakes*, if not her *trills*, will have materially increased and improved.